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R A M B L E

T H R O U G H

H O L L A N D, F R A N C E,

A N D

I T A L Y.





A  
R A M B L E  
THROUGH  
HOLLAND, FRANCE, *u*  
AND  
I T A L Y.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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SECOND EDITION.

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*Italiam fato profugus—Virg.*

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L O N D O N:  
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,  
BY  
T. CADELL, STRAND.  
1793.

R A M B L E

THROUGH

HOLLAND, FRANCE,

I T A L Y



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L O N D O N

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

T. CADELL, STAMP.

1797

TO

H I S G R A C E

*The* DUKE HUMPHREY.

MOST NOBLE DUKE,

**FROM** the many difficulties which an author must encounter in addressing himself to his patron, I am happily relieved by the assurance I have of your Grace's good opinion in the unsolicited attention you have ever paid me; and which the knowledge of my own merits had given me so little reason to expect.

It was at the table of Duke Humphrey I first conceived the thought of sending this work into the world; and it is to the instruction I have received at those attic entertain-



ments that the spirit of the performance must be attributed. The learned and ingenious of every kind, Poets, Historians, Philosophers and Projectors, sit alike at your capacious board. It is there, My Lord, the modest and unassuming have ever found a sure and lasting welcome; and whatever credit we may give to other Patrons for their bounty or discernment, it is to you alone that the first exertions of genius have been indebted for protection.

While I am thus crowding your board with this meagre assemblage of the learned, the modest, and the meritorious—characters so seldom noticed by persons of your Grace's quality; I cannot but admit, that I have often seen many among the number of your guests, who shine in the first circles of wit and fashion. On these occasions

occasions however, I have seldom found the man of fashion adorned with his usual accomplishments of dress or manner, nor do I remember to have heard from the wit any of "those flashes of merriment, which were wont to set the table in a roar."

It is peculiar to your Grace's entertainments, that, though I cannot venture to assert, that in so various a company the fawning parasite might not be found, yet confident I am, that at the dinners of Duke Humphrey no fulsome praises were ever lavished on the flavor of the wines or the profusion of the viands. Your Grace will at least do *me* the justice to confess, that on this subject I have never been betrayed into the language of compliment: nor was I ever till this moment sensible of the extensive influence *now* most gratefully

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fully acknowledge you to possess; nor thoroughly aware, how important it might be to the fame and fortune of an author to have interested the feelings of his friends by the recommendation your Grace's patronage.

One topic of praise not even your enemies will refuse you; I mean that uniform system of temperance, which regulates your bottle, and that vein of philosophic conversation, which has ever been adopted by your guests. We may there be witness to the most edifying discourses on the degeneracy of the age—the ingratitude of mankind—the neglect of merit, and the prosperity of the unworthy—

The splendor of place and the emoluments of office have as often been the motives

motives as the rewards of political exertion. Your Grace however (if one may judge by the company you keep) has taken the most scrupulous precautions, that nothing interested shall be connected with your character. I defy your enemies to produce one solitary instance, in which the minister, the placeman, or the pensioner was to be found at the table of Duke Humphrey.

Not that your Grace is perpetually attached to the measures of opposition: for though I have always seen your table well attended by those who are most forward in stemming the torrent of corruption; yet I have also observed it crowded by that disinterested set of men, who, though unrewarded for their services, are equally zealous in supporting the energies of government. Much have I been delighted



with the unfettered freedom of these political debates, having ever found from the mediation of your Grace, that they all agreed exactly in the end, however they might differ in the means; and that their only struggle was to be independant of your Grace.

My Lord, I have ever looked upon your Grace's table as the great seminary of patriotism and of learning; and am convinced that there is something in your character, which might afford an important lesson to the whole race of literary patrons, who in the distribution of their favours are mightily disposed to imitate Duke Humphrey, though they have no pretensions to the virtue of his motives.

Flattery and self-interest, My Lord, are my implacable aversion—and whatever may be thought on this occasion of my  
gratitude

gratitude for *past* favours, the world will, I hope, do me the justice to believe, that no views of securing your *future* patronage were among the motives of this address. I do hereby most devoutly pray, that I may never again trespass on the hospitality of your table; and I do most heartily absolve your Grace from any claims upon your patronage, to which the kindness of *some part* of the world may have imagined me entitled; but which those invaluable pages, never to be erased from my remembrance, that *succeed* this dedication, have taught me so little to desire, and proved me so little to deserve.

I have the honor to be,

Your Grace's

Most obliged humble servant,

*The* AUTHOR.



A  
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“ TO THE AFORESAID.—

GENTLEMEN,

**A**MIDST the havock of the human race, and the shock that public credit usually sustains, war hath *at times* contributed to the increase of commerce, and *ever* to the polish of mankind.

The ancient bards adopted war as the most animated topic of their sublime productions—the page of history swells with the exploits of heroes—the progress of *literature* hath never received a check from war, till the disgraceful æra in which we live, and which hath occasioned a temporary suppression of this *work*.—

“ The



"The Devil—a mighty leading character among the printers—had one day just descended from the cheerless garret, to which he usually retired at noon to take his spare repast; when, crossing Fleet-street to the sky-light, where he exercised his occupation, he was (shame to a free country! and in violation of the sacred *rights of man*), rudely seized by an *illiterate* banditti called a *Press-gang*, and without the free will and consent of the subject, turned over to the service of the Sovereign.

So much for the *Freedom of the Press*.

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R. P. ESQUIRE.

YE that spin through Europe, from capital to capital, with as many post-chaises as the innkeepers and ostlers choose to saddle you with, and have your travelling carriages stuffed with every convenience that appetite or inclination may require upon the road, frequently return to England without noticing as ye pass along the humours of a common tavern—the complexion of the country—or even the colour of the natives.

From my long intimacy with you, I

VOL. I.

\* B

am

am aware that the ordinary occurrences of human life will relish best with your taste for the study of mankind, and shall therefore write to you whenever I fall in with any of the merry gambols of this motley world.

I have frequently given you the history of my family, and have observed you always smile when Bamfylde Moore Carew has come upon the carpet. Our roll of pedigree is as accurate as the racing calendar; and yet I often think you doubt me—once more therefore I declare to you, that though on account of the frailty of human nature, the record of descent can seldom be depended on, Bamfylde was a near relation to my grandfather. —

I am so proud of this connection as to have frequently disclaimed the blood of

THE

that

that champion who slew the dragon of Wantley, in favor of this said Bamfylde Moore Carew.

Bamfylde was a man of curiosity and talents. The draggon-killer was much of a warrior indeed, but little of a wit. The former might perhaps move in too contracted a sphere for a man of his abilities; but he wanted to read human nature, and he found it displayed with least disguise amidst a gang of gypsies.

Whether a black or a blue-eyed nymph engaged his fancy, he soon became attached to her; and for the sake of this uncovered company, hath hummed my grandfather out of many a shirt.

My grandfather was a man of liberality, and forgave him; he liked to see a man stand by his friend, whether his complexion were coral or charcoal.



Bamfylde hath entailed his curiosity upon succeeding generations; but for his talents, they are otherwise disposed of. The little property he left behind him was shared equally by the fraternity. His will was word of mouth, against which there was neither protest nor appeal.

Amiable however as this society appears to be, I shall carefully avoid giving up my whole time to a gang of gypsies, though a gang of gypsies I may occasionally fall in with.

So much for family concerns—but, with respect to our correspondence, you must not always expect me to be infallible. I will give you the most accurate account of things I can. Whatever therefore your humor be, upon the present occasion you must even comply with mine, and not run restive should I accidentally turn aside  
from

from the beaten and unvaried track of truth.

“Infallibility is not for man”—so make allowance for this infirmity of human nature. A traveller is ever liable to error—an English one is constitutionally so—his opinion of things varying according to the influence that wine or weather have upon him at the instant.

If a pretty French woman comes up to me on a fine summer's evening, when I have a bottle of the liquid ruby beneath my belt, and extols the straitness of my stature and the liberality of my countenance, I cannot help being aware of the justness of her observations—and take her under my protection. But if I happen to have dined on meagre diet with the Duke my patron, and chance to be cloudy and rough; I pass a gentle panegyrick upon

French sincerity—turn upon my heel—  
and trudge home sulky.

Stammering or a locked jaw light upon  
him that ever says a word against French  
woman ! Adieu—more when I have less  
to take off my attention.

Your's truly, &c.

L E T.

THROUGH FRANCE, &c.

7

LETTER II.

Dover, April, 3, 1791.

LADY B. HARLEY-STREET, LONDON.

MY DEAR LADY B.

**R**ANK and beauty are two such invincible commanders, that I am proud to enlist under their banners; and whenever it may be your Ladyship's pleasure to order me under arms, I trust you will find me prepared to do my duty.

There is something so jog-trot in the recital of a journey, that I am apprehensive you will find it hang heavy in hand—throw the letter into the fire—complain of ennui—and fall asleep.

Your Ladyship may recollect that almost

\* B 4

every

T.



every action of my life hath been dictated and guided by the whim of the moment—whenever I have planned a thing before hand, it hath been sure to fail of the proposed effect. Rule may do well enough for a man of sentiment; but it is too mechanical a process for a man of fancy.

I have little superstition; and therefore purposely left London on a day that all the world seems to hold in contempt and ridicule; and as there was hardly a day upon the calendar when I had not taken some foolish step or other, I thought this day as good a day as any, and therefore fixed upon it as the day of my departure for the grand tour of Europe.—

It was the first of April.—

Having previously lodged in the hands of my banker the sum of two hundred pounds—a sum that required some nursing

ing

ing for a journey of such extent, I wished to adopt a plan of regular economy at starting; and so proposed to set off in the Dartford coach—dine gratis at the Bowmans lodge—and in the evening join the Paris diligence.

But the wisdom of man is too short-sighted to avert the cross events that are prepared to thwart him. Being too late for the Dartford coach, my system was at once broken in upon by the expence of a post chaise—the Bowmans lodge was unroofed—the Paris diligence was full.

This beginning boded ill, and vulgar minds would have attributed it to the general curse entailed upon the day; but my father took early caution to enlighten me with the bright rays of education, and I verily believe it to have been the effect of common chance.

The brother I had once the honor of introducing to your Ladyship, proposed to take a parting dinner with me at the inn at Dartford.

—This is one of those bitter banquets that the kind gods have given man to feast on.—

The bottle moved about with more velocity than usual; when my brother (who had hitherto highly approved my going abroad) suddenly passed sentence of condemnation on this said travelling scheme.

There is an interval, Madam, when the joys of eating are gone by, and those of drinking have not yet roused the animal spirits from temperate reflection into that degree of tempestuous insanity which is the effect of drunkenness—an interval when man is apt to moralize—and though my brother possesses sound judgment, and  
his

his opinion may be valued upon most occasions, I look upon it that the mind of man, when half seas over, is as little capable of preserving the perpendicular as his body.

It did not I presume occur to him, that liberty was my only birthright—an hereditary blessing entailed upon me by my country—and that I was in one of those ticklish situations when a man is not secure of preserving such valuable property, unless by going abroad.

In France I was sure of two things, of both which the laws of England might have curtailed me——liberty, and a strait head of hair.

A curl fits well enough upon a coachman's shoulders; but as an appendage to the head of a gentleman, it is, of all the absurdities that superstition and hypocrisy



have saddled us with, the most insignificant and the most ungraceful.

Our separation was unpleasant; so being somewhat in the melting mood, I visited the church-yard—a scene that I have frequently contemplated with much relief, when I have been coward enough to suffer care to ruffle my philosophy.

Amidst a number of vulgar epitaphs and uncouth couplets, was a thing written with some elegance upon a child of four years old. It set forth the probability of its being wholly exempt from sin—its prospect of a future state—and, in short, a perfect contrast to my own situation—

Though infant years no high encomiums claim,  
No vain parade of monumental fame;  
To better praise the last great day shall rear  
The spotless innocence that slumbers here.

Young one, thought I, I will change  
places with thee with all mine heart;—

but

but the Dover coach drove up the hill, in which I had a place engaged; and as the coachman objected to the exchange, I took my leave of the deceased.

It happened that the vehicle was empty, which suited il Signor Penseroso better than the pertness of those flippant gentry that are usually found in the inside of these conveniences. So I wrapt me up in thought and my great coat, passed by Rochester castle—the Gads-Hill hermitage—the bold bridge over the Medway—the Canterbury cathedral—without taking any more notice of them than if I had been travelling over the blank barren heath of Bagshot.

But it is necessary to inform your Ladyship from whence this want of taste arose.

I had leisure to reflect that I was quitting my native country, perhaps for ever—

a country

a country doubtless dear to me on this account; but more particularly my pride and glory, as being the center of humanity and honor—the envy and admiration of every kingdom upon earth.

I have since lived to learn that the name of an Englishman carries a credit with it that stamps him sterling, and secures him the confidence and respect of all mankind.

My circumstances too were in such woeful plight, that I had little prospect of ever being in sufficient feather to return; and what still cast a cloud on every thing about me, was the remembrance of a little Welsh lady, for whom (in spite of that warmth with which the ever present image of your Ladyship inspires me) I have long harboured a sincere attachment.

At the same time, perhaps, the little  
Welsh



Welsh lady thought as much of me, as she did of her great grandfather Taffy— But however that matter might be, I constantly carry her about me; and when I want to make love to a Signora, cannot get rid of her idea for the soul of me.

At Dover I happily overtook the Paris diligence. I say happily; for as I travel without bearleader or interpreter, and was, as well as my man Abel, a perfect stranger to the jargon of the country to which I was going, it would have been difficult for me to explain, on landing, whether I was bound to Paris or Amsterdam.

And here, my dear Lady B. I must take my leave of you, for the purpose of being introduced to these odd looking people that are going over in the packet.

I pray you give my most tender wishes

to



to Lady Ann; and as you are so perfect a mistress of the language of love and kindness, put in a soft compliment for me—and tell Sir Peter that I shall write him when any thing important takes place at Paris.

I have the honor to be,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

LET-

## LETTER III.

Paris, April 19, 1791.

R. P. ESQUIRE.

**T**HERE is only one part of my education which I have at this moment reason to lament neglecting.

You recollect the old French master at Cambridge—I was his pupil upwards of twelve months, and can safely say I never saw him more than half a dozen times in all my life.

His hour with me was seven in the morning—when I was either fast asleep, or if not, pretended to be so. He would enter my room with all the caution possible;

ble; then advancing to my bed-side, look in upon me and say, "Dormi?" Then gently turning on his heel, stalk out again, and say "Tant mieux," and shut the door.

And so "Dormi? Tant mieux," was all I learnt at College.

I felt the ill effects of this neglect as soon as I arrived at Dover, being at once launched into French society; if he can be said to be in society who partakes so little of the sweets of it.

This scene was wholly new to me—the packet was crowded with foreigners; and it was the first time I had ever been at sea—the boat got under weigh, and at this instant my mind was so exceedingly oppressed, that I made an effort to regain the land—it was impossible to jump back upon the shore; and I should have inevitably fallen into the water had not the passengers



fingers prevented me. Alas! thought I, old England, thou art determined to get rid of me—so standing with my eyes brim full upon the deck, we passed the fortifications; when it made me still more sad to see the cannons of my country pointed after me.

One of the party roused me by a familiar tap upon the shoulder—"Vous avez chagrin, Monf. Anglois," said he—"Dormi? taunt mieux" occurred to me, but it might be an indifferent reply; and I was thinking of turning the phrase to better account by throwing myself into a hammoc, when another accosted me who spoke broken English.

This man had served against us in America—a part of his military career which he recounted to me with seeming triumph. I saluted him with one or two of those warm  
oaths



oaths that come from the very bottom of the soul; which he translated for the benefit of his countrymen—and this kept me in hot water the whole way to Paris.

From that moment they began to eye me with strong marks of dissatisfaction and disgust; and, I am led to believe from appearances, took a complete surfeit, for most of their stomachs were terribly disturbed the whole passage to Boulogne.

We were designed for Calais; but a strong gale blew from the N. E. which drove us down channel.

The novelty of a packet drew some thousands to the landing place—I believe the contrast between plain John Bull, and this pantomimic race of people, struck me more forcibly than any Englishman that had ever set foot upon the continent.

In spite of all the melancholy that hung  
about

about me, I laughed to a degree that hurt hurt me most exceedingly; and as in their estimation my figure was equally outré, and that of my man Abel's still more ridiculous; men, women and children caught the infection, and the whole coast of Boulogne looked as you will learn when I have told my story.

You may have observed in Holborn the renowned sign of a Bull and Mouth—it was once a painting of the mouth of Boulogne harbour.

When time had been some havock with this cheif d'œuvre, the worthy landlord (not clearly comprehending the true meaning of 'Boulogne Mouth'), sent for a Sir Joshua, or some inferior Knight of the Brush, to put the magic of his art in action, and bring this mystery to light.

The painter was somewhat puzzled;  
but

but wisely recollecting that the confession of his ignorance might draw upon him the imputation of unskilfulness in his profession, he rashly set to work; and being guided more by sound than sense, painted a

“*BULL and MOUTH,*”  
—that monstrous metamorphosis which is still existing.

So when the figure, I say, of your humble servant—a genuine representative of the *Bull* family—first impressed itself on the risible muscles of the lanternjawed inhabitants of the coast of Boulogne, the whole harbour, as I was about to inform you, looked like *one general mouth*; and if the aforesaid ingenious artificer had been present at this merry scene, he might have blundered on his “*Bull and Mouth*” with less appearance of absurdity.

But to return to Boulogne; the mobility  
attended



attended us to the hotel, without in the smallest degree relaxing from their vein of pleasantry.

The language of this people disgusted as much as their appearance had diverted me—I doubted not but they came in late at Babel, when all the intelligible languages were given away.

As soon as our baggage had been examined by those political catchpoles the officers of custom; and, to my extreme mortification, three pair of new English shoes condemned to the increase of the French revenue; my companions proposed a walk upon the ramparts; where I had an opportunity of taking a last look at the white cliffs of Albion.

During my reverie I was accosted by a countryman, who offered to conduct me to the play; strengthening his proposal with



with warm encomiums on a favourite actress that was mentioned in the bill of fare for the night.

His offer was the more agreeable to me, as the little cheerfulness within me was exhausted, and I could contend no longer with that bitter enemy "myself."—He then politely introduced me to half a dozen of our compatriots; who, I think, displayed more dirt and beggary than ever I have met with in the vicinity of St. Giles.

These young gentlemen, it seems, are constrained by the illiberal laws of England, to pass the remainder of their days upon the continent—a conclusion I drew from being asked hastily, whether there was any talk of an Act of Grace—Not to mar the pleasures of the evening, I answered in the affirmative.

Madam

Mademoiselle Calliere's entrée was welcomed with a thunder of applause. She was a Jewess; some shades darker than the tribe in general, and, though but fifteen years of age, she had a beard like Esau.

This lady possessed a variety of talents; and was obliged, from the straitness of the company, to play alternately the parts of man and woman. Nature had equipped her well to play the part of man upon the great Theatre of Reality. And on Sabbath days I am informed, this useful actress makes her appearance in the character of Rabbi at the Synagogue.

At the conclusion of the play I was conducted to my hotel, where, as the rest of the company had been served, the remains of a lukewarm supper and a wretched bed fell to the lot of Mons. Anglois.

I little imagined that the American war would have affected me at such a distance of time and place.

Abel (for such was my domestic's name) stood at the bed's foot. A greater picture of human misery I never saw. The sea had turned his stomach upside down. The conduct of the custom-house officers had alarmed him so, that he dared not go to bed for fear of being robbed. The servants of the house had quizzed him so that he was pale with passion. He fell upon his knees; I thought he was going to address his God; but it was to pray me to return to England; and that by land, if it was fifty miles the farthest way. I gave him the little comfort I had to spare; so after shedding a few tears, Abel went to bed.

Though the landlady and servants had  
treated



treated me with extreme neglect, I discovered as soon as I awoke that the bugs had left me with considerable marks of their approbation.—

With respect to the French language, I do not conceive that it hath fallen into such general usage, either, as I hinted before, from the delicacy of its accent, or the variety and force of its expression. The situation of France is so central, that it hath an easy communication with the other countries of Europe. For the general convenience, therefore, the mercantile people have made it a principal part of their education; and as the court of Versailles hath long been the most polished in the world, the language acquired popularity, and found its way into the more distant circles of fashion.—

Here we mounted that extraordinary



vehicle, a French diligence, which Hogarth, or Bunbury, or somebody else hath taken great pains to caricature; and after all their labors, a French diligence is actually a caricature of the print. It is a light, elegant machine, that carries eight on the inside, drawn by as many waggon horses, caparisoned with ropes, chains, and such-like birth-day trappings. The foremost part of the body is allotted to the accommodation of travellers; the remainder, for all sorts of land carriage, wool-packs, furniture, and so forth. I was unfortunately the seventh in number (for it is usual to choose your seats in the order that you take your places), and therefore destined to sit with my back in the window, the birth of all others where you run no small risk of catching cold.

vehicle

20

The

The few introductory pages to the language, which you gave me; for some time took off my attention from the filthy habits of my fellow travellers—Delicate stomachs can ill digest a composition of such nasty materials. Their mode of eating, smoking, &c. &c. &c. would have created a qualmsickness within a less fastidious voyager than myself.

I seldom ventured to move my head from a perpendicular direction, for fear of encountering a quid of tobacco in its way out of window; and by the help of a cutting wind at night, accompanied by some fleet that lodged itself in my neck, I soon became qualified for so doing.

Such infinite wretchedness overwhelmed me the following day; that the beautiful entrance to Montreuil scarcely awoke my attention.

Do you recollect the eminence on which it stands? the verdure, and the varied scene around it? the Chartreuse convent at the bottom of the hill?—

All Picardy, I think, but this, is one dead flat, that tires the eye with endless disappointment.—

The convent is dismembered, and its unhappy tenants turned adrift. Their manners were remarkably austere. They never went beyond the gates, nor ever entered into conversation with each other.

A burying-place was allotted to every member at the time that he became a brother, from whence he daily dug a shovel full of earth. Their only language,

*"Brethren we must die."*

—But why impatiently anticipate this day of sorrow?—

This



This was more gloomy than the diligence, in which we travelled sullen and stupid, and as communicative as the friars I have just now mentioned, till we arrived at Abbeville, where the conductor fell and broke his leg; and disdaining the assistance of a country surgeon, he wound his handkerchief around it, in hopes of finding a better bone-setter at Paris.

Here we slept at an inn as little remarkable for its contents as its appearance, and were served with somewhat less magnificence or display of plate, than may be met with in some of the hotels in London.

An eighth passenger made her appearance in the morning; how she got in it was impossible to conceive; for she was the largest woman I ever saw.—

The proprietor of the diligence had



never bargained for a fare like this, and therefore cut his door accordingly.—

There was no guessing at her diameter; she looked like one that sat on purpose for the coach, while the ingenious artificer was building round her.—

But the solidity of this huge hill of flesh was by no means in proportion to its bulk, and so at every jerk her body jolted like a jelly bag.—

At Amiens she took her leave; where she was pulled out edge-ways, and let down upon the shoulders of three postillions.—

Amiens cathedral was built in the eleventh century, and is of Gothic architecture; it contains much good carved work, but is chiefly ornamented with tombs of tasteless composition; and whilst my fellow-travellers retired to mafs, I,  
being

being of a different persuasion, sat down and regaled myself with a bottle of champagne.—

He that hath a taste for true magnificence, will not pass by Chantilly without visiting the park and palace of the Prince de Condé: but my stile of carriage does not turn out of the way for trifles; moreover, as our conductor had no great relish for the fine arts, and the little he had being probably deadened by the consideration that it was the second day since the bone of his leg had been lapped over, he was anxious to push on for Paris.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 7th my compassionate creator set me down at the Messagerie Royal; where I was instantly beset with valets, porters, and other pickpockets, who are in waiting

from different hotels, to recommend their masters services and their own.

My joints are so completely dislocated, that I can scarce walk across the room; and want of rest hath so untuned my nerves, that I question whether the night of a Laplander would recover me.

Adieu. Your's, &c.

L E T.



## LETTER IV.

April 24, 1791.

R. P. Esq.

I WAS so extremely overcome with the journey, of which I gave you that long-winded account in my last, that I was obliged to confine myself for several days. My apothecary crammed me with boluses upon so large an establishment, that it became necessary to cut each of them into four.

A Frenchman's throat must, I imagine, be constructed upon the plan of a Pike's, making no resistance against any thing that can be taken in at the mouth.



Nature had indeed begun my thoroughfare upon a pretty extensive scale, but for some reasons which she hath never thought proper to suggest to me, left off at the root of my tongue.

Though my constitution demanded a little repair, my intellects were still in a respectable train; I therefore enquired for a master of the language.

The morning after my arrival an elderly lady paid her respects to me; and after the usual compliments, took considerable pains to prove to me, that both the capacities of my countrymen, and their organ of speech, enabled them to comprehend and acquire the best pronunciation in less time than any other foreigners.

“From your accent, madam,” said I,  
“I should really presume that you was  
“a native of England; but from your  
“politness

" politeness, unquestionably a French-  
" woman."

In short, the drift of her visit was, to be employed in giving me instructions; and accordingly, seeing there was no time to lose, I agreed with her to attend me every morning for a fortnight; at the expiration of which I had resolved to quit my hotel, for reasons which I will explain to you hereafter.

She was provided with a grammar; so we immediately came into that sort of contact which is necessary for two people who are obliged to read out of the same book.—Her breath was so extremely pestilential that I would gladly have forfeited double to have been off my engagement. I made many excuses to finish the lecture, and at length finding myself overpowered, withdrew to my  
chamber

chamber, under pretence of a sudden seizure in my head.

It was with great difficulty I could so far get the better of my mistress's good breeding, as to prevail on her to discontinue her visit. She covered me up with great kindness, and sent for my apothecary.—

I found my stomach so impregnated with the atmosphere I had breathed, that it had deprived me of all relish for dinner. It was therefore time to contrive some expedient for the following lecture, and in the first place I took care to provide myself with a companion to her grammar.

On the following morning I assured her that I did not remember a syllable of what had passed between us touching the language; for that the construction of my  
ears



ears was so extraordinary, as to require that sounds should be conveyed to me at a distance, in order to be intelligible, and that I had therefore purchased a book similar to her's.—Without any suspicion of the real cause, we pursued our lectures with the intervention of as long a table as the room would admit.—

In the course of a few days, she made me an afternoon visit, whether for the purpose of tasting my claret, or enquiring after my health—having taken half a dozen glasses, she began to entertain me with the history of her youth; and though a perfect mistress of the French language, she was, in fact, a native of North Allerton in Yorkshire.—

Nothing can be more at variance than the accents of York and Paris; and it was  
evident



evident that unless I wholly declined her assistance in future, she would give me a twang that must inevitably spoil me for a Frenchman; and I therefore discharged her on payment in full.

I had forgotten to inform you by what means I came to this hotel.

At the Messagerie Royal, among others, a creditable-looking valet addressed me in English, and requested the honor of waiting on me. It was the more necessary to accept his services, as Abel and I had scarce three letters of the French alphabet between us.

The danger was—whether we should be conveyed to a house of credit or a bagnio, which latter has frequently happened to gentlemen who travel without letters of recommendation.

Abel

Abel stuck so close, that he frequently trod down the heel of my shoe, and kept trotting behind me like Jerry Sneak after his wife; with my great-coat, and hat-box under his arm, and a portmanteau on his shoulder—letting them drop alternately in the dirt.

The Maitre d'Hotel met us at the gate; and advancing with three most respectful and high-bred bows, called to the chamberlain—"Au premier, pour Milord Anglois."

As soon as we had mounted the stairs, he commenced an harangue, to unravel which my new valet stood interpreter; and which I have since made him commit to paper for your amusement.

"Volla, Milord, le plus bel appartement de Paris—Je ne veux pas que les Francois  
soient

soient logés ici--C'est toujours pour des Milords Anglois."

I begged to have it understood that I was not Milord Anglois—my valet explained.

The Maitre d'Hotel paid no attention, but proceeded, "Vous avez, Milord, une salle à manger—une chambre à coucher, et des commodités."

I gave him to understand that the expence of these large rooms would be greater than I wished to put myself to; upon which he went on, "vous êtes vis-à-vis le spectacle; et si vous voulez, vous amuser les soirées, il y a à la côté une coterie des dames, qui sont les plus belles femmes de Paris."—

I informed him that I had more occasion for a nurse than a coterie—"J'en suis



suis bien fâché,” said he, “mais si vous aimez mieux une Société chez nous, on y joue aux cartes, aux billiards, au birabée, & au trente et quarante ; & Milord Anglois, j’ai l’honneur de vous prévenir, que vous ferez bien logé,—parfaitement servi, & très content”—upon which he withdrew to the door, and retired.

It was in vain to remonstrate—I was as ill able to prove my want of pedigree, as he my title to it—so I was immediately created a Lord, and lodged in apartments suitable to my rank—

At dinner he paid me a second visit—There was an attention and study to please about this fellow that reconciled me to a temporary expence.—“Les viandes,” said he, “sont les meilleurs du monde ; et le vin, de la première qualité”—and turning  
to



to Abel, "Quand a vous, Monsieur le Domestique, si vous n'aimez pas les Ragoûts, il y a dans la cuisine un Befstêke a l'Angloise."

—Abel's countenance brightened so, that he spoke the language of all nations, without uttering a syllable.—

At the expiration of the fortnight for which I agreed, I demanded the house bill—though the charge was enormous, it was in vain to remonstrate; so I settled the account—and calling up the servants paid them, I imagine, more in proportion to their merit than their expectation; for on quitting the hotel, I was supposed to be the shabbiest nobleman that had been there for several years.

Your's truly, &c.

L E T.

## LETTER V.

April 30, 1791

LADY B.

Harley-street, London,

MY DEAR LADY,

I FLY to you for counsel—It is impossible to conceive the state of mind in which I am at this instant—Can you believe that, with all the difference of manners and religion, I could think one moment of a Frenchwoman?

Yet so it is—and a more lovely Eloise than Rousseau's.—

You know in how superior a style the French get up their operas—their dresses, scenery, and representation work up the effect most wonderfully.—

As

As the commencement is at the early hour of six, it is not unusual in the summer season to lounge upon the Boulevards, by way of promenade between the acts—the opera was at an end—the ballet of Cupid and Psyche was to follow.

I rambled over the way to look at a stud of horses that was advertised for sale—what chiefly raised my curiosity was, that the building had much the appearance of an English livery stable—The horses were, however, of as many different breeds, as I believe all the countries of Europe can produce—

My attention was so far engaged that I had nearly forgotten the remainder of the entertainment, when suddenly a beautiful young creature, most superbly dressed, rushed into the stable-yard.—

The horsekeeper stood aghast—Her  
counte-



countenance spoke the horrors of her mind—she called upon her mother with a shriek of dreadful apprehension—her whole frame was in convulsion, and her heart beating the alarm of terror—her strength forsook her, and she sunk into my arms.

My heart began to beat a different alarm—I quickly however burst her diamond necklace—unlaced her jacket—tore the strings of her petticoats asunder—opened her bosom—and laid her gently down upon a truss of hay.—

Her colour died away—her pulse went back—and every symptom of life forsook her—

Several minutes had elapsed—still all was mystery.

What with the extraordinary beauty of the lifeless object in my arms, and the singularity of her situation, I was so extremely

tremely agitated as to be at a loss what conduct to pursue—

During this dilemma three young men of genteel appearance ran almost breathless into the yard—“*Sacre Dieu,*” exclaimed one of them, “*Eloise est morte*”—she opened her bright eyes, and instantly fell back again in fresh convulsions.

This appearance gave me some suspicion of foul play; I therefore refused to deliver up my fair charge, till they should bring some ladies who were judges of her situation—the suspicion was however without foundation, for one of them was her brother; notwithstanding which, their presence seemed so alarming to her, that I insisted on their compliance with my proposal—

A considerable interval elapsed again; during which time her colour came—her  
eyelids

eyelids open'd—she raised herself, and looking wildly round her exclaimed, “Ma mere est brulée!”—and then fell back again with a look of horror and despair that chilled me.

One of the flambeaux, it seems, in the representation of the fury scene, had communicated to the canvass, and set it in a blaze——Eloise was next the door, and rushed into the street; and, her natural speed acquiring velocity from the terrors of her mind, she instantly became invisible.—

The alarm of fire was general; and the Marchioness, her mother, fell into a swoon.

At length the Marchioness arrived; and, dropping down by the side of her lifeless daughter, bathed her fair bosom with a flood of sorrow.—

The Marquis was gone in search of



medical assistance—nature rendered it unnecessary; and signs of life returned again.—

As soon as Eloise was past immediate danger, the Marchioness blessed heaven that her child was restored to her—then covering her bosom, observed, that if the necklace had not burst, it must inevitably have strangled her.—

“That struck me at the instant, madam,” said I; and now, for the first time, she noticed me.

The Marchioness spoke English well—  
“Is it to thee,” exclaimed she, “that I owe the preservation of my child?”—  
Then turning to her daughter—“Oh quel bonheur que vous ayez la protection d’un Anglois.”

The good old lady gave me many a heartfelt acknowledgement, and then demanded

manded my address; upon which I took my leave—and as the curiosity of the people without began to increase, and a mob to assemble, it occurred to me, that the young lady, being still incapable of removal, the delicacy of her situation required retirement—so I took the key of the stable, and locking the horse-dealer and ladies up together, stood sentry at the door till the Marquis returned, and then withdrew.—

I am in a bewildered state, my lady—I cannot sleep—and am writing you an account of this adventure long after midnight.

I have passed the most restless night imaginable—this Eloise!—There is no waiting the tardy movements of the Marchioness—I will away to the opera-

D 2

house—

house—the box-keeper's book may chance to give me her address.——

This may be the frenzy of a moment, Lady B.—but, though it distracts me so, I care not if it lasts for ever.

---

Just returned, my dear lady, from the most delicious banquet man ever feasted on—you have never seen the finest flower that was ever blown in the bed of nature—amidst all the beauties of the British court, there is nothing comparable to this Eloise.

The accident had created some confusion at the opera—the box-keeper informed me that the family lived in Rue de l'Université.

A crowd of carriages was at the door—half the town was come to enquire after this lovely girl.

Thou



Thou wilt find but an indifferent reception, thought I, amongst all these fine folks!

I reasoned myself, however, into an uncommon firmness, and knocking loudly at the door, announced my name—a monosyllable, the sound of which operated like magic on the ears of half a dozen high-bred lackeys, who attended me to the drawing-room with as much respect as if they had been waiting upon majesty.

The Marchioness received me at the door with a warmth that did honor to her heart—"Vous avez donc la bonté de venir nous voir! mon tres cher ami! sauveur de ma fille & de ma famille."

Then leading me into the midst of the circle, dropped a few tears, and said, "My friends, behold the hand that hath preserved my child."—

The whole company saluted me—there was a hum of satisfaction that was a cordial to me—I looked impatiently for Eloise—"One need not ask you whom you look for," said the Marchioness kindly—she must not quit her bed to day—she thanks you—she blesses you—she desires that you may be admitted to her dressing-room the moment she is allowed to quit her bed.

The Marquis entered—he was just come from his sister's chamber—he ran up and took my hand with a squeeze of sincerity that I never expected to have met with on the continent—"C'est donc à toi," said he, "que je dois la vie de mon Eloise?"—"C'est à votre Eloise," replied I, "que je dois le bonheur de ma vie."—

I was perfect master of myself—place  
a man

a man in an enviable situation, and he always feels his consequence.

The petits maitres complimented me on my good fortune, in having such an opportunity to display my gallantry.—The ladies begged the Marchioness would introduce me to their petits soupers—the company withdrew.

“Monf. Anglois,” said the Marquis, “you must dine with us to-day—nay you shall live with us—a month at least—let your servant bring your baggage here to-morrow morning.”

He spoke English with uncommon fluency—I have so much happiness, said I, crowded into this single day, that I am sure a month of it would kill me; and, if I had the delightful privilege of saving the life of Eloise;—Eloise will not consent that I shall lose my own.



"That hideous necklace," said the good mother, "would most infallibly have choaked her; it was made as strong as adamant, that the brilliants might not be lost by any common accident—how had you presence of mind—or rather strength to burst it?"—"I am not clear," said I, "but at the instant I could have torn asunder the strongest cable in the British fleet."

We sat down to a repast that relished more than I can well describe; and it was no sooner over, then the *femme de chambre* of Eloise came into the room,—

"My mistress," said she, "hath sent me down to say that she expects you to take coffee in her dressing-room—the Marchioness was silent.—

"Madam," said I, "this is certainly an improper time—for me at least—to pay my respects to Eloise—company might over-  
power

power her"—“You judge right, *Monf. Anglois*,” replied she—“tell your mistress that the physician hath given positive orders that she shall not get up to-day.”—

“My Lady, I believe,” replied the *femme de chambre*, “was aware of that; and is therefore dressed ready to receive you”—“Then there is no alternative,” said the Marquis—“let us even go together, and congratulate her.”

I know not what possessed me; but up the stairs my legs refused to carry me—I clambered to the top, and there was *Eloise*.

I know not what to do, my dear lady—I cannot sleep—but nature requires that I should lay me down—to-morrow I will finish this strange story of *Eloise*.

*To Lady B. in continuation.*

During the night, how often have I seen that cursed necklace strangling Eloise ! and then I awoke—and still the dreadful dream kept hanging on my mind so like reality, that the most fascinating thoughts I could call in to my assistance, hardly prevailed upon me to believe it an illusion.

Lady B. you must become acquainted with her—you have no idea of any thing more touching than this lovely girl—when she first opened her bright eyes, and the vermillion rushed again into her cheeks.—She was still more touching at this moment.

The femme de chambre opened the door of the dressing-room—there sat Eloise upon a crimson sofa.—She fain would rise to bid us welcome—the

Marquis



Marquis stepped forward to prevent her.—

Her alabaster arm hung over at the end—she stretched it out to me with such a look of kindness! “Monf. Anglois,” said she, “your goodness overcomes me—you have already loaded me with a debt I never can repay; unless you will look out for an opportunity to dispose of the life you have preserved.”——

“Amidst the gay scenes of Paris, can you find no better entertainment, than drinking coffee with a wretched invalid?——Paris used not to be so dull.”——

“I am happy,” said I—“inexpressibly so—to see you thus revived;—and if you mean to rally me, I must tell you plainly, that I would rather drink coffee with a Goddess, than nectar with a God.”

Eloise was pale—by far more interesting—perhaps more handsome than the day before—She was dressed in a white muslin night-gown, that shewed the happy contour—the exquisite construction of her frame.—It clung to her incomparable symmetry as if it was enamoured of her person.—

To screen her from the light, she wore a bonnet that concealed more charms than half the canopy of heaven covers.—

“Brother,” said she, “why don’t you invite my preserver to come and dine with us again to-morrow?”—

“I intend,” replied he, “to take him to the Orleans club; and in the evening to the Duchess of Crivelli’s rout.”—

“I pray you, Marquis,” said I, “let me

me choose for myself to-morrow—afterwards I will accept your introduction with thankfulness and pleasure—one more coffee party here—when I see your sister's health established, I shall enjoy society—but can relish nothing else at present.

“Come, *Monf. Anglois*,” said *Eloise*, “the *Marchioness* and you, and I, will play at ombre; and when I am a little better I will give you music.”——

The physician was announced—he looked dissatisfied, and said his patient must to bed, that her strength was by no means equal to her spirits.

—I promised to return to-morrow; but never left a lady's dressing-room with such reluctance.—

I am so extremely ill to-day, that I am unable to fulfil my promise——there is  
no



no happiness upon the continent, except  
in the dressing-room of Eloise.

I pray you send me your advice with-  
out delay.—

I have the honor to be,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

LET-

## LETTER VI.

Paris, April 18, 1791.

TO SIR PETER T.

A YOUNG man placed in such a circle of pleasure and dissipation as Paris constantly presents, is apt to run a burst; which when he looks back upon, is found to have contributed little to his own progress in real knowledge; and which, in the shape of narrative to others, is more dull than the remembrance to himself—Pity it is that such gratifications will not bear the test of reflection, for they are infinitely pleasant whilst a man is bustling in the midst of them.

It

It was however chiefly upon the subject of politics that I promised to write you ; and as some interesting events seem to be at hand, it is high time that I should fulfil that promise.

In honor to the shade of that great patriot Mirabeau, the different districts have been vying with each other in funeral solemnities.——

Mirabeau was perhaps the most dissolute personage that might be found in the vast empire of France.—His excesses with regard to women, have been the theme of many a ballad bard.——

Posterity will best judge of the consistency of his conduct, and the boldness of his measures.——

I know not whether you are acquainted with the manner of his becoming a member of the National Assembly.—As he was

a count



a count, his rank disqualified him from being elected.—In order therefore to remove every obstacle to his political career, he hired a woollen draper's shop at Aix, and absolutely turned mechanic.

Paris seems to be in a state of great confusion.—The Marquis de la Fayette is just now riding by my window—he says to an officer that attends him, “Le peuple est tres animé;”—and so I suppose there is hot work expected.——

---

I am just returned from the Thuilleries—the King, as it is usual with him at this season of the year, had ordered his carriage and attendants to pass a few days at Saint Cloud.—A mob assembled at the palace—some suspicion seems to be afloat, that he has a design of giving them the  
slip.

ship, and paying a visit to his royal relatives in Germany.

Be that as it may, his Majesty seemed resolved on his present project—and the people as determinedly bent on counter-acting it.—

As soon as the royal family were got into their carriage, bayonets were pointed at the horses' chests; and their Majesties under the necessity of returning to their apartments, amidst the hisses and threatenings of the people.—

---

May 20.

*To SIR PETER in continuation.*

History tells us, that, previous to the great event of the Revolution, a true Frenchman ever held his king in such veneration and respect, that one would have

have been tempted to believe despotism elective.

Can so inconsiderable a space have worked this wonderful change in the conduct and principles of so many millions? For, that tame and passive citizen that is said to have sacrificed his property without a murmur, and his life without a groan, on the bare *fiat* of a king, is now become not only intriguing and seditious, but even formidable—he—that lowly subject—sways the very sceptre, on the tyrannical authority of which deaths and imprisonments have thinned the population of this extensive empire.

The character and conduct of the French at present give the lie to all historical record—events of this magnitude cannot have been ripened and brought about within the narrow compass of two years—



years—the seeds of freedom must have been sown for centuries; although they have but just made their appearance on this part of the surface of the creation.

You will address your letters to me at the Grand Hotel du Palais Royal, where I live en pension with Madame D-c-rrie and her daughter; and, through the recommendation of Mr. L.—, my banker's son, am accommodated much to my satisfaction.—

The old lady is illiterate, and seldom cheerful—she thinks it necessary, I believe, that her countenance should keep up the hum that her externals indicate—being in weeds for a husband that may have been laid low these twenty years—her table is however well supplied; and her accent, which is most material to me, extremely good.—

Posterity

Posterity is not a little indebted to her  
—for she hath produced a daughter,  
whose appearance and accomplishments  
entitle her to a more exalted situation.—

Mademoiselle is well educated, sprightly,  
and handsome; and I should think rather  
disposed to be a *bonne vivante*, for I fre-  
quently overhear her giving most delicious  
culinary orders.

The Abbé des Francois reads with me  
---he is allowed to be the best *maitre de  
langues* in Paris---but I gain infinitely  
more language from my young mistress,  
who takes greater pleasure in instructing  
me, than in attending to the family con-  
cerns.

My health is by no means on so good  
an establishment as it used to be in Eng-  
land---perhaps the air may not agree with  
me; nevertheless, I shall remain here till  
after

after the Fœderation; and whenever any state convulsions, or political events of magnitude occur, you may expect a faithful account of them; for you are greatly misled by newspapers in England.

I am chiefly occupied at present in examining the palaces and public buildings — Buffon's rare cabinet of natural history — the collections of pictures at the Luxembourg and Louvre — but more particularly those that are in the possession of the Duke of Orleans; than whom, no man inferior to a crown'd head, has so valuable and select a gallery — but the most exquisite of modern things, is in the Carmelite convent, by Le Brun — it is a picture of the Duchess de Valiere, mistress of that haughty despot, Louis XIV. in the act of taking the veil. —

Her eyes are bursting with the tears of  
repent-



repentance, and riveted to heaven in the fervour of devotion. The colouring, expression, and effect of this is wonderful; but it seems imperfect as to proportion---one foot is larger than the other; and the left arm too small above the elbow.

But amidst all the scenes of gratification with which this great metropolis abounds, none is so dear to me, not one affords such heartfelt satisfaction and delight, as contemplating the ruins of the Bastile\*.

There I meet many a son of liberty; looking on the wreck of tyrants till his thoughts naturally wander to that happy

\* Mr. Roger, Maître de Langues at Paris, assured me, that on the 14th of July 1790, the night of the first federation, he danced in the same dungeon, where he had been confined 25 years before, on account of an epigram he had written against the Chancellor Maupeou.

country,

country, where freedom is a birthright  
---despotism a bugbear.

I have spent some hours in wandering  
about the dark subterraneous dungeons that  
are still remaining—the intricate mazes,  
where many a man, that hath but barely  
ventured to assert his rights, hath been for  
ever excluded from the blessed light of day  
—dragged perhaps from an extensive do-  
main, and torn from the ties of nature—  
his existence rendered more loathsome to  
him, and his injuries aggravated, by filth  
and famine---and eternal darkness.——

Look at your sacred property—your  
hallowed rights—and thank the Almighty  
that you were born an Englishman!——

Yours, &c.

P. S. I am sorry to inform you the  
former

former part of this letter (which I have just now opened, and written an appendix to) hath, owing to the stupidity of that lout whom you have frequently seen standing behind my chair, watching the plumb-pudding half way down the throat of the person opposite—lain in the post-general for this month past, because the inland carriage was neglected to be paid:



## LETTER VII.

Paris, June 21,—9 in the morning.

DEAR SIR PETER,

**NOTHING** can equal the consternation of this place—the King, Queen, and Royal Family are fled in the night—supposed to Valenciennes or Strasburg—he on horseback, they in carriages—report just arrived that they are retaken,—false—Duke of Orleans now passing my window to the National Assembly—supposed he will be instantly proclaimed King or Regent—every soul is under arms—the streets cleared of carriages, and the cannons rolling to the gates—more when I come in.

*Three o'Clock.*

I am just returned from the Thuilleries  
---the fury of the mob is past all bounds  
---they are tearing the furniture to pieces,  
and trampling on the portraits of the King  
and Queen---couriers are returned---no in-  
telligence whatever of the fugitives, even  
the route they have taken---their depar-  
ture equally enterprizing and astonishing;  
for the Assembly, having suspicion of some  
plot, had doubled the court-guard for several  
days---the manner of their escape equally  
unknown---some say by rope ladders---  
others by floating down the Seine in dis-  
guise---others by a subterraneous passage  
to the Louvre---The Emperor is supposed  
to be at the bottom---not a confederate to  
be found---the servants and guards all ig-  
norant of their flight till half past eight---  
a carnage of aristocrats expected every

E 2

moment---

moment—Fayette suspected—part of the mob assembled at his house—he instantly mounted his white charger, and is at this moment threading all the capital streets unarmed and alone—I have not seen him, but am told that he moves on with a firmness and intrepidity that staggers his assassins—every one is prepared to strike the blow, and no one dares---Here is an instance of unexampled courage.---

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*Twenty-second---Morning.*

The National Assembly met and sat all night---Jacobins and all parties united for the common cause---the Abbe Maury rose, "Sauvons la patrie," were his first words---general applause---officers at the bar ready to depart, and swearing to seal the cause of patriotism with their blood---300,000 men ordered to the frontiers---  
deputies



deputies from Versailles and all the neighbouring districts arrived to act in concert and abide by the National Assembly---the King universally condemned---proposed in one of the meetings of the night to recommend it to the Assembly, to send to England for a King---the Duke of York.

Never was a thing executed with such dexterity and conduct as this departure---the sentinels mounted guard at the very bed-room doors---The family were seen at ten at night, and yet by the express just arrived, the couriers are nine hours behind them,---

The good conduct of the military has kept the night in perfect tranquillity---I walked the streets till two unmolested---illuminations helped to prevent the assemblage of private parties---not a French-

man dared to shew himself at his window—not one outrage has yet been committed---every one expected to see, ere now, bodies dragged about the streets---but the hair of no man's head hath been touched.---

The most determined of the aristocrats have proposed the most patriotic resolutions of the night, so exasperated are they at the King's duplicity---the conduct of the people is steady and collected beyond parallel.---

You know how this bustle suits me--- I had rather be in active danger, than in sedentary security----write not a word of politics!      Adieu.

---

P. S. The gates are shut---the ports are stopped---Lord Gower's packet is not allowed to pass---so I shall add to this---

*Ten at Night.*

Couriers are just arrived with the joyful news that the King, Queen, and Dauphin are stopped at Stenay, on the borders of the forest of Ardennes, where he would have indisputably completed his escape by favor of the winding roads and the Emperor's troops who were prepared to receive him—he was in a footman's dress—suspected by the postmaster from his likeness on the assignats; but might have still effected his purpose, had he not prevailed on the Queen to let him stop to eat—he had never before experienced hunger, and declared his apprehensions of starving—hunger sat ill upon a royal stomach.—

On their return, my friend Mr. B. and myself were the only persons that had the good fortune to elude the vigilance of



the guards, and pass the barriers—we met the captive monarch some miles from Paris—it was grand to see 10,000 men sweeping through a champaign country in slow procession.

We advanced to the very carriage side—and as it had been my usage to shew respect to Majesty, I was preparing to salute the King, when a grenadier pointed his bayonet to my heart, swearing he would put me to instant death.—I saw the policy of complying with this gentle remonstrance, and therefore, taking my eyes from the King, paid my respects to the grenadier with all the complaisance that I was master of.—

The King frequently disavowed any intentions of passing the frontiers, which his very passport contradicted, being made out for Frankfort—the Queen preserved  
a fullen

a fullen dignity that was becoming Majesty—the poor little Dauphin and Princess seemed diverted at the numerous retinue with which they were attended—as they approached the gates, Fayette and Barnave got into the carriage, wisely concluding, that their popularity might protect the royal persons; and as a further security, a wood of bayonets was placed round them.—

Thus they descended at the palace, surrounded by an hundred thousand silent spectators.

I have the honor to be,

Yours, &c.

## LETTER VIII.

Paris, July 23, 1791.

R. P. ESQUIRE.

YOU have no conception how the arrival of your letter restored me to myself—I was a prisoner in my chamber, where hip and irresolution had confined me several days—the sight and society of a lovely woman had worked me into an ideal fever—the impossibility of possessing her had sunk me into despair—the nostrum I had taken by way of restorative, was solitude.—

Time has since gang'd on gayly enough—according to my usual good fortune,

tune,



tune, I have been introduced into half the best families in Paris—the Marquis de B--rg-nv-llé hath taken me by the hand—he is a favorite at court, and supposed to be perfectly well understood by the Q---n. The Marquis's family consist of a most cheerful old mother, and such a sister as the bare hearsay of might induce you once more to forget the prejudices you contracted on your travels—call in Harley-street, and enquire about her at Lady B's.

The other night I fell in with Tom Paine at the Caffé de Chartres—a curious circumstance attended our meeting—an officer sat down opposite to us, and entered familiarly into conversation—he spoke as good English as either of us.—Tom never opens till he gets about half drunk, and having plied the officer after the manner

of the English, his own book became the topic of conversation.

It was a subject the officer was better acquainted with than any one present but Tom, which greatly excited his curiosity---they were perfect strangers to each other, but in the course of a few rounds, to the unspeakable astonishment of myself and my countryman, the officer threw out several farcasms on the author of *The Rights of Man*---that he was not only a shallow politician, but an illiterate composer; and that the book would never have found its way to the continent, had it not been for *his* translation.---

This was the very information that Tom had so long been in search of---he rose in a violent passion; and the officer laid his hand upon his scabbard---I never saw two men so thunderstruck; the one

at the sight of the author, the other of the sword,—

The work suffers materially by the translation, which seemed to exasperate Tom more than the loss of the profits— but, being of a “Philanthropic” way of thinking, and liberal in money matters, he called for a fourth bowl, and an accommodation took place to the entire satisfaction of the son of Mars and the author of the Rights of Man.—

Tom is rather a heavy companion; and by much the dirtiest I ever ventured to sit down within a public coffee-house.

A grand festival has been celebrated in honor of the Bon Dieu—the Almighty—was carried through the principal streets supported by four Archbishops—the procession was solemn and splendid—the priests were covered with fine lawn,  
and



and marched to a sacred anthem, sprinkling the holy oil from golden vases—the debtors came next, who immediately on the close of the ceremony were released—the National horse-guards and the Swiss regiment in their uniforms, blue and silver, were preceded by a deputation of the most patriotic members of the Assembly—the windows were crowded with ladies of quality—the streets echoed with applauses—the members were crowned with garlands and olive branches, and the pavement strewn with roses by the ladies in the balconies—the walls completely covered with the most costly Gobelyn tapestry—and the tout ensemble was magnificent.—

The day following, the re-interment of Voltaire took place—a procession infinitely more splendid than the former.

It

It seems the patriotic priests had discovered that the old heathen had touched upon a sacred subject that they still little understand——

It was that of liberty.——

A scandalous custom hath long prevailed in France, that neither the authors or actors of plays shall be buried in holy ground.——

Immortal honours were however decreed Voltaire—his ashes were dug up from the unhallowed ground in which they had been deposited, and laid in state upon the ruins of the Bastille—his monument supported a couchante figure that bore a wonderful likeness to his portrait—It was drawn by sixteen high mettled grey geldings, four a-breast, to such an elevation, that the lamps in all the streets through which it passed were necessarily taken down.

His

His literary productions, bust and sarcophagus, came next, preceded by deputations from the Assembly and all the districts, attended by bands of music—the judges—merchants—players, &c. The whole was closed by the National horse and foot guards; and the body, after having been drawn through the great streets to the house which he formerly inhabited, was deposited in the magnificent church of St. Genevieve. And this same ceremony is to be repeated in honor of Jacques Rousseau.

These unusual sights seem to have turned Abel's brain—he is infinitely more stupid than ever—I gain some credit by him indeed as wearing a livery; a distinction that the French are no longer permitted to use—but, as he makes no progress in the language, and is still incapable of executing  
any



any orders, perhaps I may send him to England.---He frequently casts a side-glance at the cape of his coat, as if he was sensible he did me an honor; but is of no farther use to me than an empty gallipot, with a gilded label, on the shelf of an apothecary.

He requests me to forward the inclosed to his uncle, having previously corrected the false spellings—it seems to be a duplicate of what I have been writing, so I leave it entire.

Adieu. Yours, &c.

*Letter*

*Letter from ABEL VEAL to his UNCLE.*

DEER UNCLE,

U S have had many fine shows an a grete dele of profeshoning. twas but yesterday four buships carried about god amity in a nelbow cheer. an then there was the parish clarks dressed in snow white carring little bras pans with long chenes, an toffin em a bout in the air. an then there was the nashonal assemblage all in black. an the ladys up in bell conys tofsin doun flours upon their heds. ladys bant so free in our cuntry, an i suppose the  
was

was no better then the shud be. an then  
there was the Nasbanal gards all in blew  
with fire locks an bagginits an fine cock  
cades, an there was the houzes coverd all  
over with car pits, i thaut the mite so wel  
have put em down for the jentery to wauk  
upon. next day the digd up a man that  
the cauld vultare, an made more fus an to  
do a bout un then the did a bout god  
amity. the carred un upon top a fine coch  
an six teen gray hoffes. an i sopofo there is  
to be a nother profeshon for wan jack ruse  
thats ded. maister fais that hou i grow  
more stupider nor ever - for i cant speko  
the france languitch an so i stands stil an  
fais nothin. so no more at prezent from  
yours lovyn cuzen                      abel veal

LET



## LETTER IX.

Paris, 1791.

TO SIR T. A.

A FEW days since the champion Fewterell arrived at Paris——he was my brother's private tutor at the university in the noble art and science of defence——read Greek himself a little, and was originally intended for a scholar—but he discovered early, that the wide world was a better field for his abilities, than a contracted country school; so ran away, and being a well built lad, was admitted amongst the honorable fraternity of boxers.—

His

His education secured him rank and respect, and in consequence of having lived on terms of intimacy with most of our young men of fashion, and being reported to have sat at the table of Princes, he became a man of address and polite literature;—as his productions can to this day bear testimony.—

—A proper person to be charged with an embassy to Paris, to introduce into our sister kingdom the art of natural defence.—

He came pampered from the hospitable table of the Duke of H— —n in Scotland, not fined down and sleek for an encounter; but in order to give the world at once a "*striking*" example of British skill and British prowess—fed to the utmost stretch of his skin.—

He brought for his companion of assault

one

one who had formerly played ghost upon the War-horse of Don Juan. This fellow was well limbed and tall, and specially cut out for such a theatrical engagement, from his then state of lean and meagre poverty—but having met with some success in character of nonsubstantiality, he had found means to stow a stock of solid nourishment within the ribs of death; by which his skeleton became incrustated with so large a share of human flesh, as rendered him too unwieldy for the part of ghost.—

The Duke of H. had furnished them with letters of recommendation to that *universal encourager of merit, and patron of the fine arts*, the Duke of Orleans—his Grace received them warmly, and introduced them to the manager of a royal theatre, with a *douceur* of 30 louis, and



and an engagement of ten guineas a night.—

The manager saw full well that this was <sup>no</sup> too masculine an entertainment for the petits-maitres that frequented his house—but alas! the Patent depended on his Grace's pleasure.—

The science of the sword had long been held in high estimation—the rude and beggarly assault of the pugilist, in just contempt—the sword had run many a man of honor through the heart; but had never disgraced his countenance with the vulgar and ignoble mark of a black-eye.—

This manly art of boxing was nevertheless displayed for many nights successively.—

The Roman gladiators, or heroes of the bull-fight, were pygmies to these brawny champions—their blow was like  
the

the kick of an elephant, and their fall like the shock of an earthquake.

But to the astonishment of all surrounding nations—this liberal and polite accomplishment made no farther progress amongst the warlike posterity of Charlemagne.

I am yours,

AN AMATEUR.

LET-

## LETTER XI.

Paris, July 1791.

T. A. Esq.

Berners-street, London.

I WOULD feign strike up a correspondence with thee, thou merriest of the sons of Momus—Peradventure you have seen the account I sent to Sir Peter of the King's flight. It is one of those miraculous events that gives history the appearance of romance—by the most credible reports he was dragged through a small scullery window with such force, that when the pressure bore against the centre of his body, the domestics thought it impossible to get him any

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farther,



farther, and he had nearly died upon the spot.

The circumstance of this escape was announced to me rather in an alarming manner——Mademoiselle D—— came thundering at my bed-room door—I started from my sleep.—

Had any body but my buxom young mistress done so, I should have turned upon my pillow——“Sworn a prayer or two—and slept again.”——

I found her speechless; and in such a state of terror and confusion, that her cap stood up, as if it had been placed upon the back of a porcupine. All verbal information being precluded, I ran precisely as I was into the parlour, expecting at least that the hotel was on fire.

Finding the mystery increase, I walked hastily through the apartments, and in one

one of them found the old Lady down upon her knees—hard at the prayer for his *Most Christian Majesty*.—

The mob would have certainly torn her to pieces.—

This ludicrous prelude to the serious business I was about to be brought acquainted with, I had forgotten to insert in my letter to Sir Peter.

It happened that the Duke of Ormond was at the same hotel with me—the day before the King's departure he honored me with a card for dinner—his style of living was magnificent—his manners polished—and his person graceful and manly in the extreme—he played the exalted character he had assumed, with address and confidence; and though wholly unacquainted with the language, no man had such success amongst the ladies.

After the party invited had waited some time, the principal domestic entered —“*Asséyez vous, Messieurs,*” said he, “*Je vous en prie—Milord Duc va aux Thuilleries—C’est la Reine qui vient de le faire demandé—vous savez bien, Messieurs, que les affaires de la Reine sont pressantes.*”

But the fact was, that the wine and tavern bills had that morning been presented for payment, and some doubts arising as to the rights of title, the Duke of Ormond, with all the alias’s he hath been since discovered to possess, thought it most prudent to pass the night in a more private way, and quit Paris in the morning.

Unluckily the King of France had determined on an excursion of a similar nature, and (as his Grace was not of his Majesty’s



Majesty's Privy Council) the King stole a march upon him in the night—the Paris gates were shut—and the Duke of Ormond was arrested.---

Whether the discipline of France will preclude him from making a figure in the annals of Newgate, the present unfinished state of the legislature does not ascertain—the new written law being neither announced, nor the old one put in force\*.

The Marquis de B——hath introduced me to most of the fashionable clubs; the spirit of which is gaming—you know

\* This unfortunate young man, it seems, was at that time dashing away on the produce of some valuables that had been feloniously obtained from an eminent jeweller in Bond street, under the title of Lord Massey; and hath since fallen a sacrifice to the justice of his country—I saw him die.—

He preserved a sullen dignity to his last moments, and met his fate with uncommon firmness and composure. —

I feel so little interest in play, that you have frequently seen me fall asleep, whilst others have been rattling the dice-box round me—owing to this probably I find myself sixteen pounds minus; but I am informed, that after the first introduction, play is no longer indispensable.—

This Marquis is an excellent fellow, but I believe his society is the more pleasant to me, because he carries about with him the same blood that I have seen ebb and flow through the transparent veins of Eloise.—

---

There is no living at Paris without an adventure—the most complete view of the city is taken from the lofty dome of the Hotel des Invalides—a few days since I ascended it, and there fell in with the  
Countess

Countess Gr——di and her lovely fille de chambre—the latter seemed to be of a nature truly angelical—she looked as if she had lighted on the dome, and was just descended from above.—

The Countess verges towards forty——she seemed to take pleasure in pointing out and explaining to me the most distant and interesting objects, of which the clearness of the day and season of the year greatly contributed to the beauty.

The smoke that issues from wood fires (which are universally burnt at Paris) is scarcely perceivable—the atmosphere was at this time wholly clear of clouds—there was not a speck to be seen upon the horizon—and, as the leads of the houses are generally laid out in evergreens and arbors, all Paris looked like an enchanted garden.



The Countess politely invited me to dine with her; and by way of passing the remainder of the morning, offered me a seat in her vis-à-vis to the Bois de Boulogne.—

She said she had received great attention at the court of London, and was happy to have an opportunity to shew her sense of it—the beauty of my Countess was rather in the wane; but on some occasions it was too evident that she had still combustibles about her which set her whole body in a flame.

She was however indiscreet in one respect, which was an effectual barrier to any tender advances on my side.—

The fille de chambre was one of those blooming creatures that added twenty years to the appearance of her mistress—she looked like a nectarine bursting ripe by the side of a withered apple, and carried

ried so much kindness in her countenance, that I could not return the advances of my Countess for the soul of me.—

Was ever mortal man in such distracting circumstances!——It was impossible to elude the eye of the one, sufficiently to convey a sentiment to the soul of the other—the Countess watched me with the vigilance of a basilisk; and therefore a letter seemed to be the only channel by which I could communicate my feelings to the lovely girl—I sat me down and penned a billet-doux with all the glow of language I was master of, then dressed me with more than common attention; resolving that day, with a view of keeping our intended amour as much in the dark as possible, to pay unusual court to the Countess—so dropping the billet-doux at the entrance of the entresol, where the  
fille

fille de chambre was likely to pass, I entered the dining-room with an air more open and degagé than usual, and with a countenance as unembarrassed as the nature of my situation would admit of. —

The Countess too had made herself up for conquest; and had given her eyes and countenance a look of languor—but to say the truth, was more properly *habillée pour un sofa que la table*.

She had a favorite lapdog that had been taught to fetch and carry; and we were no sooner seated, then this unlucky cur came trotting into the room with the fille de chambre's love-letter in its mouth. —

The Countess snatched it from the jaws of my ridiculous accuser; and though my French a good deal puzzled her, I plainly saw the storm begin to brew—so I immediately seized my hat—rushed through



through the passage—and ran down stairs with more activity than usual.—

It was some way to my Hotel—so I had leisure to reflect on the fall of man, and how he was turned out of Paradise—and to this hour, whenever I am making love, nothing chills me so much, as the entrance of a lady's lapdog.

Your's truly, &c.

## LETTER XII.

Paris, July 1791.

MY DEAR LADY B.

WERE you married, or a maid, the stiff forms of etiquette would have debarred me from the delightful privilege I enjoy at present; but with Lady B. widow, I may correspond without restraint.—

My health is better. My spirits mend, and I find my stomach more in tune with the mode of living here.

Though the Marquis pressed me hard to live a month with him, I thought it an imprudent measure; finding the company of Eloise daily more desirable, consequently

quently more dangerous—I one day told her that I understood she had an attachment, and was under an engagement of marriage.—“ Il est bien vrai,” said she, “ que je suis promise---j’ai donné ma parole, mais mon cœur n’y est pour rien.”—“ This is strange,” replied I—“ But is your lover a man of quality? Is he handsome? Is he such a man as Eloise has a right to expect?—“ Oui,” said she, coldly,—“ Je le crois—on dit qu’il est joli; mais je n’ai fait que l’appercevoir.”

“ And do you seriously design to marry a man that you have barely seen?—In England we think it necessary to unite our hearts as well as families”—“ C’est une autre affaire,” said she; “ chez nous c’est bien different—quand je ferai mariée, je ferai plus libre—L’amour n’a pas besoin d’être du jeu”—then took up her mandoline,



mandoline, and thrumm'd "la Virginnella."——

She pronounced these last words with so much non-chalance, that I sat some minutes doubting whether it proceeded from depravity, or the levity of her disposition—Observing me thoughtful, she drew her chair towards me—"Anglois," said she, "You must pass a great deal of your time with me—I shall want you to go to the routs, and sort my cards; and sit in my box at the opera, and criticise for me at the exhibitions—my husband will be very little with me—he is seldom in Paris; and even then, spends all his time at court."

"From this moment then," said I, "will I be thy Cavaliere servente"—so I have found it necessary to buy me both a picture and an opera-glass, without having any  
more

more idea of painting or music, than a blind man has of colours, or a deaf one of the Celestina stop.

This young nobleman belongs to one of the most ancient families in France—bears a high rank in the army—and was generally at the Prince de Condé's late court in Burgundy; but disagreeing in political opinions, he resigned the high post he held under the Prince—and as he now passes most of his time at the country seat of the Duke of Orleans, I shall have no scruple of conscience in being his locum tenens at his town residence.

The Marquis tells me he shall be in London about February next, to pass the spring—I have promised him letters to your Ladyship; withal adding, that though old in point of years, you are still one of the most blooming widows in Christendom

dom—"Une Veuve!" said he—"C'est bien commode."—

Forgive me, my dear Lady, for plowing up a furrow amongst the lilies and roses—I have a curiosity to surprize him, and to know how he feels himself when your unexpected youth and beauty burst upon him.

Eloise talks of accompanying him, and is very inquisitive about the opera—I have told her to beware of the ballet of Cupid and Psyche—she says she shall not venture there, unless there be a *marchand de chevaux* opposite.—

Eloise has two younger sisters, whom, had it not been for some accidental conversation about nunneries, I should have never heard of—French people have the good judgment never to bring into society those lank awkward girls whom we

see





see pushed forward in England; at least till they have got rid of that mauvaife honte which flies into the faces of our virgins at five and twenty the moment they are spoken to in company. —

---

I am just returned with a most pleasant party from Versailles—a French and an English lady, who were the only women, contributed infinitely more to our amusement, than of their own.—They were perfect strangers to each other's language; and I am since informed, that the only instance in which their inclinations became known to each, was on their withdrawing from the gentlemen after dinner —In passing by the bar, the English lady turned the spout of a tea urn—the story was told me by the French lady. —

Verfailles

Verfailles is an astonishing effort of human art and industry—The palace was built under the direction of that enterprising monarch, Louis XIV. to convince the world that he was able to change the whole face of nature, and that the want of earth and water was no obstacle to the execution of a work of vanity, or pride. The whole house and gardens stand upon a mountain entirely made, where not a hillock before existed—the reservoirs are vast, and well supplied with water from a river five miles off, forced by the help of fourteen wheels through three pipes, each one foot diameter, to the amazing height of five hundred and two feet, the last hundred and twenty of which are perpendicular; from this an aqueduct furnishes also the palaces of Marly, St. Germain, and St. Cloud.

The

The palace of Versailles is bedizened with such a profusion of costliness as would have beggared any nation that had not the infinite resources of France.—The apartments have a double set of furniture, to suit the seasons; the one of Gobelyn tapestry, the other of Indian taffety, embroidered with gold—For pictures, the most excellent are an original painting of King Charles, and an inimitable likeness of the old Duchess of Orleans done in Gobelyn tapestry, equal to the finest colouring of Louis Caracci.

In going from the King's apartments to the Queen's, we passed the little door through which her Majesty escaped the fury of the Paris mob at the breaking out of the revolution. The door used to be concealed behind the arras; for it seems there is too much dignity in  
 Royalty



Royalty to be supposed to sleep two in a bed.

The private opera-house for the court only is lined with looking-glasses, inlaid with gold, and the front curtain so massive with gold embroidery, that four men can hardly draw it up. —

The petit and grand Trianon, two appendages to the aforesaid, are fitted up the one in a gaudy, the other in a simple manner, and appear by their avenues and luxurious retreats to have been calculated and applied to such relaxations as should not be read in the book of Kings. —

From thence we went to the pavilion of Madame Du Barry, the taste and elegance of which are so exquisite and refined, that one looks back at the magnificent palace of Versailles, more as an  
eye-trap

eye-trap than calculated to gratify the senses.—

Then passing by St. Cloud, we viewed the famous manufactory at Sieve, and returned to Paris.—

Your Ladyship will do me the honor to accept a china urn which I forward by way of Dieppe and Brighton—the landscape takes in all the places I have been endeavouring to describe—the portrait you will instantly challenge—it will serve as a proof of my remembrance, and of the superior excellence of the Porcelain manufactory.

I have the honor to be,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

L. E. T.

## LETTER XII.

Paris, July 10, 1791.

DEAR SIR PETER,

THE day after the Royal Family were brought back, the master of the post was called to the bar of the Assembly; and Montmorin charged with having signed the King's passport—they proved themselves ignorant of the intentions of the parties, and were honorably acquitted—a constant body-guard was placed upon the King and Queen, and all the avenues to the palace were shut.—

Whilst I have been on a visit in the country, the King has been examined relative



lative to his escape—he gave the most evasive answers; and being now closely confined to his old apartments, frequently amuses himself with throwing furniture out at window.—

I pass my mornings generally in the Assembly—the debates are at this time particularly interesting—the windows look down upon the gardens of the Thuilleries—the debate of yesterday related to the abdication of the Crown.

I saw the captive King walking underneath—he looked most wistfully, and was attended even in this his retirement by twelve armed soldiers and an officer.—

The representatives of the nation assemble in a hall containing a large gallery at each end, and a small one on each side—the meeting is in general very  
numerous,

numerous, and I have frequently seen them all upon their legs at once.

The galleries are so crowded that the spectators usually out-tell the members—nor is this to be wondered at, when you consider how short a time has elapsed since men were at liberty to gratify their political curiosity, and exercise freedom of debate—but the question seems to depend more upon the will of the people, than the “ayes and noes.”——

It is not unusual to see crowds of women, bringing presents to the bar of the Assembly—every one of these, I believe, giveth according to that she hath; for I have seen offerings made, from a superb diamond necklace down to a single candlestick, or an old shoe buckle; and the entrance looks like the shop of a pawnbroker.——

I had

I had always apprehended that these acts of public spirit had proceeded from pure patriotism, till a Jacobin had the goodness to undeceive me—"These women," said he, "are chiefly prostitutes that have enriched themselves by their profession; and being troubled now and then with a qualm of conscience, disburthen themselves to their confessors, who are creatures of the existing government, and an offering to their country is recommended as a likely clue to get at the Divinity—hence arises the conflux you see here every morning."—So notwithstanding the many infamous intriguing characters of which the national representation is composed, it is not uncommon to see as many w——s as rogues in this august assembly.

—Good Lord! to see the various ways of purchasing salvation.



In England, those who have amassed a fortune by any fashionable mode of vice, expect to make their peace with heaven by public charities, legacies to hospitals, and such like; and so persuade themselves that they shall buy up their damnation, leaving posterity to pay the purchase money. —

But to return to the continent—Thursday last was the anniversary of the Revolution—the day was fine—about two hundred thousand people were assembled—Fayette entered the Champ de Mars as commander in chief of the French army—His Aid de Camp was Col. T— the altars were magnificent—the incense blazed—the people took the oath with a shout of ecstatic fervor that rent the heavens. The salute of the cannons—the solemn

solemn procession of the priests and bishops—the whole body of national guards—the regiment of infants preceded by the veterans, waving a flag that they had seized at the destruction of the Bastille—all conspired to render this one of the most interesting and affecting sights that ever was presented to the human eye.

The following day a different scene was brought to light—some hirelings of the aristocratic party had effected a passage under ground to the very centre of the altar, and lodged a quantity of gunpowder with the horrid design of blowing all the people that were assembled there at once into the air.

How this diabolical scheme failed of effect is not yet known—Paris, however,

was again in arms—martial law proclaimed—the bloody flag hoisted on the Hotel de Ville—orators held forth in the Palais Royal in favour of the King—the National Assembly in danger—parties ripe for massacre every where assembled—the company turned out of all the play-houses, and the furniture destroyed—Abel was knocked down from behind my fiacre for wearing a livery—aware of the danger of remonstrating, I politely asked for what purpose the mob assembled—a ruffian answered me, “ Pour razer l’Assemblée Nationale ”—about ten thousand people got together at the Champ de Mars, to abjure the federation oath—upwards of two hundred of them were shot, or stabbed with bayonets, and their bodies floated down the Seine.

So



So during the remainder of my stay in Paris, I shall find out some other amusement than that of going to the National Assembly—for fear of being shaved.

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XIV.

August, 1791.

LADY B.

I AM sorry to see religion at so low an ebb in France—Sunday is a day of public joy and gala, and doubtless celebrated in a style of festivity that favours more of licentiousness, than cheerful and inoffensive merriment—the shops put on their best appearances—the playhouses exhibit their best performances—the fields adjacent are covered with cotillion parties, mountebanks, magic lanterns, monkeys, masquerades, and every species of fun and frolic.

A French

A French peasant will walk you half a dozen miles—put his false bottoms in his pocket, and strut into the circle with a span-new pair of stitched heel pumps—for myself, I always make a point to slip my shoe occasionally; by way of shewing them that the English are in the habits of wearing feet to their stockings.

This is surely a shameful prostitution of the day, though a day of joy it should ever be—Not but that in Protestant countries, Sunday is observed in a manner nearly as inconsistent with the intention of it—instead of thanking God cheerfully, men wear a stubborn gravity that hath all the appearance of melancholy and discontent—things probably more unacceptable in the eyes of the Lord, than fiddling and dancing.

When the service of the day is over,



they return to their families, and employ the evening in battering the Bible into the heads of their children, at an age when they have not a capacity to comprehend it--and by this rigid system of making them in love with holiness, they give them ever afterwards a distaste for one of the best written histories extant--and, in order to put a finishing stroke to their absurdities, they eat cold plum-b-pudding for supper, for fear the cook should crack a commandment, by doing any manner of work.---

Your Ladyship and I think well, but we act better; and I never hope to see any of these excesses creep into our families.

The poiffards appropriate the day to business—I was taken to the place of their rendezvous by an officer of the police---

the

the subject of debate was, the Queen's conduct in the late affair of the King's flight—the matter was argued with great indecency and disrespect, and several bloody propositions seconded and carried—one of this hellish gang addressed herself to me, and having recounted many of her exploits in the horrid massacres at the revolution, said, with a "disgusting brutality, "Voila la main que tranchoit la tete de ce Brigand le gouverneur de la BASTILLE, & montrait son cœur perfide sanglant au peuple"—there are doubtless a number of claimants to this honor, for I myself have met with at least a dozen arms that have done the deed.—

I have seen villains and murderers of every description, but nothing out of petticoats half so diabolical as this fish-woman; but the officer of the police  
G 5 having

having cautioned me against advancing any thing which might be construed into disapprobation, I took the safe side of the question, presuming that the cause of liberty was much beholden to her, and that such a personage might well be pitched upon to lead an army upon the most dangerous service; "Parbleu," said she, "Je ne crains que le jugement eternal."——

The wretch, however, had one virtue, though a negative one—she was evidently not an Atheist.

Whilst I am upon the subject of the fair sex, give me leave to introduce to you a lady, who is at this time universally allowed to be the most beautiful woman in Paris—he that would read human nature, must change his character as often as he does his coat; but I will confess

to



to you, that with all the contrivance I was master of, access to this lady appeared impossible.——

Her beauty was of such uncommon sort and perfection, that many desperate attempts had been made to carry her off by force; and her friends had been cautioned never to suffer her to appear in public—her father was an eminent German painter; and it struck me that under the guise of connoisseur I might fairly ask to see his picture gallery, and stand a chance of seeing his daughter also.—So taking my lunette, I knocked boldly at the door, and enquired for Monsieur Hall.——

His wife informed me that he was gone to the Hague to take a portrait of the Prince of Orange, and had with him the key of the gallery; which no one was

permitted to enter in his absence—I expressed my very great disappointment; for such was my enthusiasm, that I valued neither the trouble or expence of travelling to gratify this darling passion, and that my journey from England was almost purposely to see the works of Monsieur Hall—“Vous etes un grand connoisseur donc, Monsieur Anglois;” “No, madam,” said I, “simply an amateur;” so rising to take my leave, she politely presented me with a pinch of snuff.

Upon the lid was the portrait of her lovely daughter—“This, Sir,” said she, “is the only work of Monsieur Hall I have to shew you.”

“Sweetly imagined, madam, and executed with prodigious taste; but pity that human nature falls so infinitely short of it.”

“The execution is doubtless considerable,”

able," said she, "and my husband took infinite pains in making it so; but I assure you it is the representative of real flesh and blood—it is the portrait of my daughter"—"Pardon me, madam," replied I, "No daughter of Adam was ever half so beautiful—"Trouble yourself, then, Sir, to walk with me into the saloon adjoining."

Here was flesh and blood indeed!—

This blaze of beauty sat in a white morning dress with her hair spread wildly over her shoulders, copying the head of Dr. Franklin——she received me with infinite good breeding, modestly saying, that she was a dauber, and hoped I would be sparing of the severe remarks that her infant endeavours must naturally provoke.

"If you are not a perfect mistress of the art, Mademoiselle," said I, "it must be the sacred subject of liberty that gives such



such magic to your brush"—suffer but that copy to go forth into the world, and liberty will beam throughout the land.—

Her face is Grecian—her body is most exquisitely turned—but tall, and rather embonpoint; and I cannot give you a more perfect idea of her, than that Michael Angelo, rather than Raphael, would have chosen her for the model of his Venus.—

Two hours had nearly elapsed in the most delightful conversation; when I took my leave. During this time she had shewn me all her master's works; which, by the by, were the paintings of her father, and proved at least that the old lady had made a sacrifice of truth to vanity.

The portraits were indifferent—the best were humble copies—but for an original,

no

no man on earth can boast so fine an one as Mr. Hall\*.

I have the honor to be,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

\* This beautiful creature since married the unfortunate Soulés—a young fellow of considerable fashion, remarkably handsome, and possessed of no mean taste for poetry.—He wrote a Satire upon Barnave's mistress—that heroine who headed the banditti from Marseilles, in the late massacre at Paris.

Soulés was the first object of her vengeance—his brains were dashed out with an iron bar, his head cut off, and carried, by her order, still warm and reeking, into the presence of his lovely wife.—

From that moment she became insane, and has never since discovered the least symptom of returning reason.—

L T-

## LETTER XV.

Paris.

MR. M—N—L.

I AM sorry to observe, that, after thirty years experience, your method of training hounds, drawing covert, making casts, and in short your whole œconomy, both in the kennel and the field, is totally erroneous—the diversion of to-day hath gratified me more than any day I ever saw in Leicestershire; and I am sitting down to give you a circumstantial account of it, because I know some lights will break upon you, which, with due submission



mission to your judgment, will mend your style exceedingly. —

We assembled at the Port St. Dennis precisely at six this morning——twenty-five noblemen of the Duke of Orleans' hunt were dressed in uniform—their hair en queue, with cocked hats, jack-boots, and whisky whips. —

Their long-tailed chargers were impatient for the chace; but as the day was fine, and much sport expected, it was the more necessary to curb their impetuosity — so we paraded the whole way to Rancy a foot pace, and by way of killing time, this tedious cavalcade was enlivened by the recital of many a hardy chace on former days. —

As soon as we arrived, the Duke and Madame Euffon saluted us from the front balcony—the black trumpeters sounded  
for

for the chace—the pack, which, it seems, were trencher fed at keepers houses, came scampering up the park from different quarters.

Their first appearance, I must confess, greatly disappointed me.—It was a narrow, long-backed, bow-legged breed, that would do as much damage in a rabbit warren as a pack of ferrets.—

His Royal Highness got upon an English hunter, which he assured his countrymen, was registered in the sporting calendar at London, as descended in full blood from that noble animal on which King Charles is mounted at Charing Cross—Madame Buffon rode a half sister to the Zebra.—

We threw off at a thicket of about two acres at the back of the Duke's garden—the chassurs had orders to surround it—

great

great men take care to keep their coverts too well stocked with game, to lose time in finding.

The pack was thrown into it, and in the course of a few seconds, challenged and found—great encomiums were bestowed on their sagacity—a wild boar broke covert—one of the spearmen struck him with his lance—a shout of joy burst forth, like that of the Israelites at the conquest of Goliath—the animal seemed to gather fierceness from the attack; and after making several masterly turns and casts between the horses legs, he broke away in view across the plain.

After a gallop of some minutes, we passed by several of the tail hounds, which, to my great surprise, were out of wind, for they had lately been fed upon the freedom

dom of the land—and sure a sparer diet need not be.—

These hounds, I understand, had formerly been kept in kennel, but were at large from the establishment of *liberty and equality*—

Within an hour, however, the leading hounds ran into their game—the whole pack had long ran mute, and in the sequacious order of a flight of wild geese.

And here, in lieu of that desperate encounter which we read of in romances, the innocent victim struck up a concerto with the black trumpeters that advanced to celebrate the death—the principal buffa rose in his stirrups, and with one blow of his sabre dexterously severed the tail from the body—the grand chasseur dis-



dismounted, and with great ceremony placed the bloody trophy, like a Welch leek, in Madam Buffon's hat—and so we returned in triumph to Paris.

Your's truly, &c.

L E T-

## LETTER XVI.

Paris, August 1791.

T. A. Esq.

**W**HY do I never hear from you?—  
 give me a dish of English politics—  
 dangerous times are passed—letters are  
 delivered unopened—and the Assembly  
 have decreed private correspondence  
 sacred.—

You have no conception with what con-  
 tempt B——ke is looked upon on this  
 side of the water.

The literati hold his libel (as they iro-  
 nically term it) in the estimation it seems  
 to deserve—the Abbey Seyes says, he  
 writes

writes like a man-milliner—they talk of his apostacy with ridicule—think the man may mean well, but that he is extremely inoffensive—and yet I believe if the mob, who see things superficially, were to catch him upon French ground, they would ship a very little of him back to England.

But, blessed be our country! we have no such wretch amongst us as the Duke of O—ns. He is now turning his sword against his brethren and nearest blood, in hopes that the Assembly will restore him some part of his confiscated property.

This man enjoys the confidence of no party; and yet, with the diabolical disposition and principles of a despot, wishes to be seen to wear the guise of patriotism—but the veil is so thinly spread, that  
your

your very shallowest politician sees through the flimsy covering.—

I went some days ago to this nobleman's chateau, to be present at the chace of the wild boar; which, shooting excepted, is the only field diversion the French partake of—and in respect to it, if you have seen a pig worried out of a potatoe garden, you have seen as much as I have.—

I have hitherto dedicated a great deal of my time to studying the language, customs, politics, and productions of this country; and now as there is no likelihood of further riots, processions, or celebrations particularly worth my notice; and, according to the vulgar phrase, “the show is all gone by;” I shall take a look at every place of amusement, and then go farther into the country.

There



There are at this time no less than six and thirty public spectacles at Paris; and (as you know how fond I am of reading human nature) I shall go in regular gradation from the grand opera to the portable puppet show—from the subscription ball at the Rotunda, to the hop upon the village green—from Lady Worley's faro bank, to the garret where they play at push-pin for a sous—from the luxurious table of Bovilliers, to the cook's shop where they eat a pennyworth of macaroni, standing.

In consequence of my frequent appearance in public, cards of admission to the coteries of the femmes entretenues of quality have been sent to my hotel—their evening's amusement usually consists of a few English country dances, supper, and a little play.

And here it is not difficult to discover, that, for a man of talents, Paris is the stage to act his part on—there are a thousand ways by which he may advance himself——public robbery indeed is rather discountenanced; as it should be in all civilized countries—but in lieu of it you find high play in almost every house of consequence—the wives and mistresses of the great Aristocrates that have fled their country (the principal performers in these scenes) are partial to English, and an adventurer used to find about them costly moveables, of which they were profuse; but unfortunately the revolution begins to change the face of things; and his profits or perquisites are conveyed away by means of a different channel.

The influence of priestcraft begins to turn them to a better account.——

Expect

Expect to hear of me from the first  
capitol I stop at——I have not time to  
say more.

Your's truly, &c.

H 2

LET.

## LETTER XVI.

Dijon, August, 1791.

G. F. ESQUIRE.

ELOISE, the Marquis, and their mother, are at their country house in Normandy; a circumstance that I had no reason to regret, as it relieved me from the painful task of formally separating from a family to which I am so much attached.—

Montmorin gave me a great deal of trouble in granting my passport—I sat for my picture several times, till he fairly confessed that he had made frequent attempts to identify my person without success



success, that my eyes were so totally different from any English or Frenchman's he had hitherto seen that he was at a loss to describe them; my nose and chin, on the contrary, so much like the rest of my countrymen's, that it was no use to describe them at all; so setting me down with a wide mouth and a large round featureless face, I believe I shall pass unmolested wherever I go.—

Nevertheless he still was dissatisfied; so sending for me again the morning of my departure, requested that if I had any particular mark on my body, I would permit him to specify it; for as suspicious persons had been found sowing dissensions in the different districts, a particular examination might be reasonably expected at the frontier towns—I have a curious mark which I usually keep in the back

ground—it is that of a red Bury pear, which was a favorite fruit of my mother; so as the Secretaire des Affaires Etrangères was particularly urgent, I was under the disagreeable necessity of partly undressing to shew it—ever since I can remember this pear hath regularly ripened at this season of the year, and been as natural as any the garden produces—the secretary accordingly noticed it as a supplement to my passport.—

The usual conveyance from Paris to Melun is a huge water-coach, containing about three hundred people, gentle and simple; for liberty and equality have annihilated the partitions that formerly made the distinction between gentleman and blackguard. —

This journey of sixteen miles was such an one as he might have been supposed to have

have relished, who was taking his leave of the woman he loved—for it lasted from morning till night—but as I had bidden adieu to my ever dear little Welshwoman some months before in the pump-room at Bath, this tedious process served only to harass my mind with the sad recollection of that cruel separation—so by way of enlivening the scene, and recalling me to myself, I landed at Melun, and was shewn into a strange town, amongst strange people; and what was most strange, not even a stranger condescended to take notice of me.—

The landlord did me the honor of a visit—he was an inquisitive fellow, though a shallow politician, and supposed by his neighbours to get at a great deal of private intelligence; as appeared in

the morning at the club patriotique, where I heard him harangue.—

As soon as he had provided me with a bottle of his best Burgundy, he became extremely desirous to know the cause and particulars of the riots at Birmingham, and the opinion the English entertained of the French Revolution.---

My invention was taken by storm, so I crammed him with as fantastical a statement of things as occurred to me at the moment; and when I found his brains sufficiently crowded, took my leave, left by overcharging his upper story, the true line of history might suffer in the detail.

There happened to be in the inn-yard a diligence de retour for Fontainebleau, a cheap but uneasy conveyance, which jumbled my old box to pieces—on my arrival  
the



the maitre d'hotel, by way of taking advantage of a foreigner's ignorance, demanded a great deal more than the usual fare—I submitted patiently to the imposition—then summoning him before the municipality, complained of the treatment I had received—my grievances were amply redressed by a fine of fifty livres levied upon mine host; which bought me a tolerable travelling trunk.

Charles D——s was at Fontainebleau, and, being well in with the ladies of quality, he ushered me at once into the beau monde—Lady R—dn—y was usually of our parties, whose gaiety and good humor seem better adapted to the manners of France than England, where it had been construed into indiscretion.

Old Admirals should never marry young wives.

The forest of Fontainebleau is still tolerably stocked with wild boars and red deer—the venison has a peculiarly fine flavor—the rides are romantic, and shaded by the largest oaks I have seen in France, of which the forest is said to contain some thousands—here are the strata of white stone, with which all Paris is built. It cuts like Bath stone, and in the same manner becomes more hard with age—as the palace was built for a hunting seat, it is ill furnished, and shabby—its ponds are stocked with carp of a most astonishing size, which come to be fed with the hand, and are perfectly white with age—the gardens produce the abricot-pêche, which I believe is peculiar to this country, and the most delicious fruit I ever tasted, partaking at once of the flavour of the peach, nectarine, and apricot—the best hair powder

der is sold at five sous the pound, and except when the court is there, other things are cheap in proportion.

Having spent a week at Fontainebleau I resolved to change the scene; for whenever I wanted to turn my morning to any account, one of those insects that are usually found creeping about crowned heads was sure to be at my elbow—this puppet introduced me to the King's tennis court and billiard table, both of which he had free access to, and supposing he had to deal with one unseasoned, frequently proposed playing for money, which I very politely declined.

This animal had apartments at court—was king's jester; and though able to make Louis the Sixteenth laugh, was himself the laughing-stock of every company.—

He was dubbed Knight of St. Louis for presenting the King with a curious German tobacco stopper, and promoted to the rank of King's jester—the tobacco stopper cost the King's jester about three livres—the knighthood cost his Majesty nothing.

He was one of those talkative flatter-brained courtiers that contradicted himself twenty times in a minute—changed his dress twenty times a day; and wore out more coats in putting them on and pulling them off, than in letting them stay upon his back—he visited every body and entertained nobody—piqued himself upon keeping the pool at quadrille, and combing a lady's lap-dog—and as I frequently found him practising at the latter, my antipathy became the more inveterate, as it recalled to my mind the unfortunate termination



tion of my amour at the Countess G--ldis.

Mr. T—ch, whom you may recollect at St. John's, drove into my hotel on his way to Switzerland—he was alone, and had an excellent travelling carriage, in which he offered me a seat, on condition I mounted his servant as courier; which brought my expence to near about diligence price.

We halted at the cathedral at Sens, to look at that couchant figure of a chancellor of France, taken after his death; which is admirably executed, but by whom I cannot inform myself—there is also one of the best modern monuments I have seen, of the late Dauphin and Dauphiness of France—the statuary hath allegorically told the tale by which this amiable

able young couple were taken off early in life, with uncommon expression and effect.—

From hence we travelled through the vineyards of Champagne, where the beauty of the country is greatly enriched by the windings of the Yonne; and as we crossed the bridge at Joigny, and looked back on the valley, the sun set in its full glory.

Happily our courier was not a Claude Lorraine, so we met with no delay, and made Auxerre that night—where, though the inn had every appearance of cleanliness, I soon discovered that my apartment was crowded with a variety of lodgers; so taking a most soporific dose of the wine of the country, we found ourselves stout enough in the morning to encounter

counter a day of considerable fatigue, and pushed on for Dijon, the capital of Burgundy. —

Nothing is so tasteless and stupid as flying through a country without making any acquaintance with the people or their history; for which reason I care very little whether I see the inside of a travelling postchaise again as long as I stay abroad.

Here therefore my fellow-traveller and I took leave of each other; and it was no small subject of regret, that the gratification of my curiosity obliged me to quit the society of a gentleman by whom I had been so much enlivened and enlightened. —

As I shall stay a few weeks here, direct to me at Mons. R.'s, the banker, and I pray call in Pall-Mall, and send me some circular

cular foreign bills in lieu of the inclosed letter of credit—it will make the difference of five per cent. to me upon the exchange.

Yours, &c.

LET-



## LETTER XVII.

Burgundy.

DEAR LADY B.

DIJON was the splendid court of the Prince de Condé; it was consequently crowded with the principal nobility of France.—I have passed a fortnight here in a manner so extremely interesting and pleasant, that I am resolved to make the month complete.

On my arrival at the hotel, the maitre informed me that he had the honor to have in his house the Chevalier G—, and his family.

As soon as I had recovered the fatigue of my journey, and taken a warm bath  
and

and clean linen, I paid my respects to them.

It was Sir Wm. G — and his charming daughters—you know what reigning toasts they have been in England; and to make themselves as accomplished as they are beautiful, they have passed two years in Italy and France; and are most perfect mistresses of both the languages. —

They advise me by no means to lose so fine an opportunity of making my tour complete—how irresistible is persuasion from such flattering tongues! I question whether you may not one day hear from me descanting on the ruins of Athens, the ravages of the plague at Constantinople, or the desolation of the wilds of Palestine.

Letters which I brought from Paris  
with

with me from my friend the Marquis, introduced me at once into that pleasant polished circle where I have the happiness to move at present—the noblemen of this country have mostly followed the fortunes of their much-loved Prince to Germany; and have left their wives as pledges to their country—many of which are very young and beautiful, and as their property is immense, their entertainments are elegant and frequent.

Madam Poligny bears the bell at present—she is the least haughty, and, altogether, the best-bred beauty I ever met with; and though surrounded with flattery, pleasure, and magnificence, is frequently found spreading her bounty in the sick-room of the diseased, or the hovel of famine---she has an infant about five months old, which she frequently retires from

from the most sprightly society to nurse; and seems to hold in equal abhorrence and contempt the unnatural practice of those, who, in compliance with the barbarous custom of the age, deaden themselves to the calls of nature and the feelings of a mother; and are in the disgraceful habit of weaning their affections from their new-born babes—placing them in the arms of strangers upon the bare recommendation of an advertisement—and frequently impregnating their blood with the poison of a cancer or the pestilence of a prostitute.

I have had the honor to be included in several excursions of pleasure to the neighbouring chateaus—we send our provisions from Dijon, and follow in carriages.

These magnificent buildings are chiefly untenanted, and many in a ruinous state;  
and



and whilst one contemplates the numerous blessings that accompany even the first dawn of liberty, we are shocked at the havoc with which it is attended, and the wreck of individuals.——

We agreed to meet a party of near thirty, at the chateau de Bella Vista, which is built and furnished in the Italian style—the company walked about the park till dinner—the infant Poligny was there—I cut it little whistles out of quick-bines—dandled, and carried it about in my arms, till it would not return to its nurse—Madame Poligny was delighted—“Anglois,” said she, “La petite vous aime mieux que son pere; je crois que mon Poligny fera jaloux.”——

“This little copy of you, Madam P——, delights me beyond any thing I ever saw—I would fain carry it to England

land with me—if Monf. P—— be not content with the original, he must be the most unconscionable man in Burgundy.”——

We rose early after dinner, and began cotillions—the ladies would fain have a swing—the Frenchmen placed an awkward plank across the garden wall—I ran to the farm yard, and getting a couple of long ropes, made them a famous English swing between two mulberry trees—this contrivance gained me so much favor, that they would admit no one to stand in front of them as they swung, except the Petit Anglois.

This good understanding with Madam P—— is worth a diadem—she took me home in her carosse—introduced me to all her set; and says, “Regardez cet Anglois—

Anglois—il est drole—il est gai—il est plein d'esprit—enfin il est une société dans lui meme"—in short whoever is blessed with the smiles of Madame P—— will find Dijon the pleasanter residence upon the continent.

In every family of consequence are apartments for bathing ; but amongst the women of the middle order, a custom prevails which has a wonderfully ridiculous effect.

During the very hot weather they form conversation parties in the river, where I have seen a dozen together sitting up to their necks in water, with parasoles to protect them from the heat. —

Do you know a family by the name of H-rv-y? For in consequence of having made myself acquainted with the nature of exchange, I have been the means of explaining to a lady of that name, that  
she

she has been for several years deprived of a seventh part of her income by the chicanery of her banker.——

Mrs. Harvey is a widow with an amiable family—gives a rout every Sunday, where all strangers, as well as the quality of the neighbourhood, assemble; and for my countrymen, it may not be amiss to inform them, that their reception at her hospitable house, is such as might be expected from no less than an ambassadress from England.——

I have the honor to be,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

LET-



## LETTER XX.

Dijon, August 1791.

T. A. Esq.

A FEW days after my arrival here, I received a visit from a gentleman of the name of P-ne, a countryman of ours, who I am informed has resided abroad several years for the liberal purpose of laying up two-thirds of his income to make fortunes for his sisters—a slight acquaintance soon convinced me, that he was one of those noble fellows that God Almighty hath sent into the world to make society a blessing. —

He seems to have made himself master

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I

of

of the true flavor of the grape; and being a bon vivant, and extremely disposed to mirth, hath made it his study to discover where the best batches of Burgundy are to be got at.——

Having taken a dip on the day of my arrival, I had entered into conversation with an accomplished girl, that did the honors of the bar at the Bath-house.—— P-ne and I had dined together, and whether I rambled there for the purpose of cooling my body, or conversing with the maid, I cannot positively recollect; for we had that day taken a most bewildering dose of the famous vintage of 84.——

(Be that as it may), I was no sooner got there, than surrounded by the guard, and charged with having knocked down the keeper of the baths.—This miscreant frequently struck at me, when my arms were  
20 confined

confined by the soldiers; which exasperated me so, that, on exerting myself to return the blow, one of them saluted me with the point of his bayonet on the top of my left shoulder—a hole that was happily as well stopped by the taylor as the surgeon.

The mob began to gather round us, and the confusion became general.—

As we were marching to the guard-house, it occurred to me that I might succeed by charging the plaintiff with being an aristocrat—I harangued the guard—“Voyez, messieurs, ce coquin—il est un aristocrat—et moi, un fils hereditaire de la liberté—un Anglois.”

It was extremely singular that of not more than half a dozen of the middle order of society at Dijon that are the king's friends, this was one of them—the people

instantly recognized him, and assisted me in giving him such an excellent drubbing, that I think he will be ever more shy of an Englishman.—

The mob escorted me to my hotel, accompanied by a drum and fife; which the officer of the guards had ordered to play the Roast Beef of Old England till I got into bed, and then *Ca Ira* till I fell fast a-sleep.

You will easily imagine how well my person became known at Dijon—wherever I passed, “*Voila ce brave Garcon, le petit Anglois*”—a title which I was extremely sorry to exchange a few days after for one of superior rank, by which I was created a Marquis.—

A one-armed gentleman that I had observed particularly active in my favor during the late fray, paid his compliments  
to



to me at my hotel—"He had frequently seen advantages taken of the open and unsuspecting conduct of an Englishman—and if I really went to the baths to pay a visit to the Bar-maid, he would introduce me where I might make my court with more credit and security."

Though I was ill inclined to accept his services, common politeness required that I should desire his company to dine with me.

By the eagerness with which he accepted the proposal, and the avidity he ate and drank, I began to entertain some suspicions of the real character of my guest—so rising early after dinner, I pleaded an engagement, and requested him to stay and finish the remainder of the bottle.—

On my return from the rout I met my landlord at the door of my apartment—

"Monsieur Anglois," said he, "you have dined to-day with one of the most notorious pimps in Burgundy; and you had no sooner quitted the room than he ran off with one of my silver forks."

In endeavouring to recover the property, the story became known; the fellow made his escape—and I was ludicrously entitled the Marquis de la Forchette.

These are the only two scrapes I have got myself into, but have innocently involved another person in a more serious one—You have frequently observed that there is a quaintness about my person, which well-bred people view with becoming gravity; but it frequently happens that the commonalty, who have less discretion, are apt to unbend at the sight of me.

A few days since the master of my  
hotel

hotel breathed his last—he was an honest man, and universally beloved—his funeral was attended by a numerous train of such as felt the loss of his friendship, or his bounty—the waiter had been a servant under him for several years, and being held in much esteem for his fidelity and attachment, was fixed upon as one of the chief mourners; and had thereby the melancholy privilege of helping to carry a much-loved master to the grave.—

I accidentally met the mournful procession at the cathedral door—the waiter caught a sight of me, which shot such fun into his soul that he burst out a laughing—threw the whole train into confusion—slipt his shoulder from beneath the corner of the coffin, and down fell the maitre d'hotel.—

I trouble you with these little anec-

dotes, because you seem to write as if your spirits were not so good as they used to be—perhaps they may serve to amuse you—they have occasioned a great deal of merriment in the polite circles here—and the lovely Madame P—— says, “C’est bien extraordinaire que le petit Anglois a le talent de faire rire tout le monde.”

Do not direct your letters to me at the banker’s here, but at the Poste Restante—the b—— is an infernal scoundrel—I have caught him tricking several times; and do not choose to trust my letters in his hands.

Your’ struly, &c.

L E T-



THROUGH FRANCE, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Burgundy.

*To the* MARQUIS DE B--RG-NV-LLE.

YOUR letter secured me the attention and respect of all that Dijon contains of rank and fashion; which, what? if not, the recommendation of the Marquis de B. could command.——

The want of public spectacles is little felt at this distance from Paris—the charms of society are so superior, that I have never once thought of, or regretted them.—Were it not for this, I should make but a short stay in Burgundy, for in respect to

the fine arts, there is little to keep the curiosity awake.—

The monuments of the Dukes of Burgundy, are indeed splendid enough, but so rich and tawdry, that they serve rather to dazzle the eye than interest the passions.— In a work of this kind, the design should be great, and the execution perfect, but the more simply the melancholy story is told—the more affecting.——

I could not examine with gravity that bas-relief of the Archangel Gabriel; for the municipality have girthed him with a revolution ribbon.——

I went to the convent the morning after my arrival, and punctually obeyed your sister's commands.—The lady Abbess received me at the grate—I told her that my orders were to deliver Eloise's letter to no one but the lady to whom it was addressed;

addressed; and that with my own hand—she politely withdrew, giving me to understand that it was rather a breach of the laws of the sisterhood; but sent the lovely little countess down to me—

*“Grand Dieu! encore une Eloise.”—*

The grates were double; at the distance of at least a foot asunder; by which means she was constrained to expose the most beautiful turn'd arm I ever saw, up to the elbow. I told her that I had entertained little hopes of delivering the letter into so fair a hand as that from which I had received it—then begged I might be permitted the honor of waiting on her again before I left Burgundy; “No, Monsieur Anglois,” said she, “that is a privilege I cannot grant—tomorrow I take the veil; and shall exclude myself from the society of man for ever.”

— This is cruel, Marquis——A breach of all the laws of policy and nature——

The finest part of the Clos de Vergeaux is the property of this convent; and as the Abbess has still a few dozens left to sell of the vintage of 84, you will do me the favor to accept them—

We have a good party of English, and have taken such a quantity of the produce of that memorable year, that I must quit Burgundy, or my existence—the wine we meet with in Champagne was very inferior to some I have drank in England—but for Burgundy, I never tasted any thing comparable to the flavour of that with which I have so frequently regaled my palate at Dijon.—

I am sorry to observe that in this capital of Burgundy little respect is paid to the laws; and indeed am not clear but  
the



the reason may be, that law and justice have little connection with each other. A lawsuit, for instance, is tried and determined by five justices of the peace—the losing party has the privilege of one appeal—the cause is then decided by the same number; and the decision final, whether it accords with the first or no—an Englishman, who enjoys the glorious privilege of trial by jury, cannot but be struck with the absurdity with which this form is replete, and the secret influence and corruption to which it is liable—

Nor does the executive power seem sufficiently strong to keep the commonalty under any kind of restraint—the treasurer general mustered a pleasant party to dine and spend the evening at the Chateau de Vendeau, to which I had the honor of being invited—in the midst of a cotillion,

lion, one of the valets announced that the coachman did not choose to stay supper—after some consultation, the provisions were replaced in the cart that brought them, and the nobility tamely submitted to the will of their domestics. —

The truth is, my dear Marquis, your countrymen have been mightily mistaken as to the *genuine* meaning of this unfortunate word *liberty*—the manners of the people are impertinent—their conduct is licentious—the authority of the great is daily declining; and all order will soon be at an end—in short, every effort of human contrivance appears to be exhausted in radically establishing this new government on a firm and unshaken basis—according to the glorious and philosophic principles of anarchy and confusion. —

A society

A society instituted here for the encouragement of literature, where prizes are publicly distributed to children of every rank and denomination, has been turned to wonderful account for the purposes of *liberty*—about five hundred of these infants were the other day assembled—the rewards were adjudged to each in proportion to the merit of his performance; and applause liberally bestowed on those who most deserved it.—

The spectators were extremely numerous—the mothers wept for joy—the fathers lifted their promising offsprings in the air, amidst the acclamations of the people—the works of Franklin were the rewards of merit—and at the instant that emulation and ambition had wound up their feelings to the utmost point of enthusiasm, the bust of Mirabeau was introduced

duced——and these five hundred hopeful babes dropped down upon their knees, and took the revolution oath.

They imagine, I presume, that the principles of *liberty* are not the *natural* growth of the mind of man, and are therefore desirous of applying all their care and contrivance to the cultivation of so precious an *exotic*.

We have also a patriotic club supported by the *women*, who meet twice a week, and debate on the affairs of the nation—this assembly is held in the hall of the convent of Benedictine friars—the holy brethren are turned adrift—I saw one of these forlorn old men seeking shelter in the hospital—he had no money, and was threatened with imprisonment for wearing



ing his aristocratic garb, rather than go stark naked.

The ascent to the observatory is an almost perpendicular flight of steps—we were going up to examine Herschel's apparatus, when an aristocrat came flying down, who had been thrown by a son of *liberty* from the upper landing, and must infallibly have been dashed to pieces, had he not pitched upon the shoulders of Mr. W—'s coachman.

The broad-backed Briton stood the shock, and broke the fall of the descending aristocrat.

The military mass is celebrated every Sunday with uncommon pomp—the regiments march from the cathedral door to the very foot of the altar with the drums and trumpets founding 'Ca Ira; and

and the temples of religion tremble to the very centre with the din of war.

A violent party newspaper is read to the populace every post day, from the bookseller's gallery, in the market place—chairs are provided for their accommodation, and those paragraphs which relate to the abolition of royalty pronounced with great emphasis and solemnity.

I mention these little anecdotes, to shew by what force and stratagem republican principles are introduced.—

*In continuation.*

I was interrupted by my friend P—ne, one of these discreet people who possesses the unlimited confidence of the sex—he carries on his gallantries with such consummate generalship that no lady's character hath ever been impeached through his misconduct—he hath had frequent audiences

audiences with the abbess of the B—dine convent, even in those hallowed retreats where nothing in the shape of man, except the old gardener and the father confessor, hath been admitted for a century.

—Why not a priestess and a female cabbage planter, to preclude the possibility of pollution within these holy and immaculate mansions?—

P—ne conveyed me by several windings to a small back door of a cellar through which this conscientious beldam gave us admission—the elderly Nuns seemed flustered at our presence, and withdrew to their retirements; the young ones thought they might as well take one more look at the *Image of their Maker*—an elegant collation of several sorts of fish, and a vast variety of fruits, were set before us; and we  
 sat

sat down to table with about sixty of the most beautiful women existing —

Nobody seemed inclined to eat except our hostess. I know not to what I should attribute the extraordinary emotion of our fair messmates.

Their eyes flashed fire and vivacity; yet they spoke but little, and seemed dissatisfied with the sacred obligation they had sworn to perform—the Lady Abbess observed their confusion, and ordered them to retire early after dinner; but the sight of man seemed to have kindled up a blaze within them, that I fancy the old father confessor will have some difficulty to quench.

The Abbess placed upon the table some of the most delicious Burgundy I ever drank. Her conversation was refined—she had a good deal of the world about her,



her, and doubtless not a little of the sinful suggestions of the flesh and the devil.—

This lady had been governess of the convent upwards of thirty years—told us much of the brave knights and gallant gentlemen of better times—recounted amazing anecdotes of British valour, and verily believed that an English arm was capable of mowing down a French army—on this score, as there was every reason to expect, that, on the entrance of the Prussians, the democrats would instantly plunder the convent, she requested us to come in to their protection; assuring us, by certain indirect modes of rhetorick, that we should have a warm reception.

I understand there is much better discipline,

cipline, where the little countess has the happiness, or the *misfortune*, to be cloistered—Well for your Eloise, that she hath escaped such pious prostitution.

I am, my dear Marquis,

Your's most truly, &c.

L E T.

## LETTER XXI.

September, 1791.

*From on board a Barge.*

LADY B.

**PICTURE** to yourself the scene before me—I am travelling down the golden coast of Burgundy—the season is uncommonly productive—the grapes are bursting ripe—they hang in crowded clusters to the mountains top—the pretty village girls are flocking to the farmers for employment—the vintage is at hand; and universal cheerfulness prevails.

Amidst all this, I look back at Dijon with regret, and shall long reflect on its inhabitants with gratitude and pleasure—

two miles from hence we visited the tomb of Abelard; a simple piece of architecture.—

Abelard died here in 1142; but the body, beside which rests his Eloise, was removed. It is at a place called Paraclet, a name which he himself had taken to avoid the search of his religious enemies; and which he hath bequeathed to the convent he founded there—but for the tomb, it is no otherwise interesting than that it is the tomb of Abelard.---

Mr. D---k---ns, my *compagnon de voyage*, had letters of recommendation to the Abbè Maillet, a most hospitable bon vivant, with little of the rigours of the Romish church about him---we dined and supped with him---there was more taste than splendor in his entertainment---he gave us the three different sorts of Burgundy,



gundy, made in the côte d'ôr, in high flavor and preservation; and amongst an infinity of delicacies, the Becafica, a bird of passage, that has the flavor of the Otter-lan, and comes annually to fatten on the grapes of Burgundy.—

The hospital at Chalons is supported by an immense estate—the furniture consists of polished mahogany—the sick, to the number of 150, are served on silver, and attended by ladies of family only, who regularly sleep within the walls, and vie with each other who shall do the most humiliating and kindest services.—

The Abbé took us on the Bastion, from whence he shewed us a cannon foundry, by Wilkinson, and, at the amazing distance of forty leagues, the stately top of Mount Blanc.—

Here it is usual to embark your carriage

by a water-coach, drawn by horses---this machine contains every accommodation; and suitable apartments *pour les gens comme il faut.*

There was a most facetious old French lady of our party, full of anecdote and fun---she offered me her box, a pinch of which had nearly deprived me of my senses---she told me that her organs had been long insensible to the irritation of the strongest snuff, and therefore took considerable quantities of pounded pepper---the French use garlic in the sauce of almost every thing they eat; which, forming a communication behind the uvula with the contents of the pepper-box, gave our lady's breath the flavor of duck seasoning.

The banks of the Saone present the ruins of many a noble edifice, destroyed  
at

at the breaking out of the revolution—the most conspicuous is that of the famous Juellen—he was a wealthy landholder; for which crime his chateau was set on fire about two months ago---himself and family butchered with all the aggravations of lingering cruelty---and to complete this brutal history, these monsters broiled his arms and eat them.

We are now on our approach to Lyons—the views are reckoned equal to most in Switzerland—the entrance to the city is extremely romantic—the rocks and battlements stand perpendicular over the river, and are of such enormous height, that the clouds strike upon them as they pass.--

I have the honor to remain,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

## LETTER XXII.

Lyons Goal, Sept. 1791.

MY EVER DEAR OLD NURSE,

BE not alarmed at your foster son's letter bearing date from a prison—to ease your mind as quickly as possible, the loss of liberty is all that I am likely to sustain, but which in all probability will not be restored to me till the beginning of the Dog-days 1792, without the evidence of you and my honored mother; who I flatter myself are the only persons that have ever seen me in a true state of nature.—

I have frequently heard you mention, that during her pregnancy of the winter  
of



of the year 1760, she longed for a red Bury pear---perhaps it may be within your recollection, that I carry about me a remarkable proof of the impression it had on her mind---a perfect fruit of this description, that regularly ripens in the summer months.

The King's flight from Paris hath been a warning to the police, that the identity of every traveller shall be infallibly ascertained---cognizance was taken of this singular mark in the description of my person set forth in my passport from Paris.

On the fall of the leaf it had, as usual, disappeared; upon which the municipality of Lyons have ordered me into confinement as an impostor---they treat my story as a perfect bagatelle, on the score that French women are gratified with every thing they long for, from which they draw their inference in respect to the English;

and as to the mark, they say, *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*, which the schoolmaster will explain to you.—

My enlargement therefore cannot be obtained on any other terms, than that you and my mother repair to the next general quarter sessions at E—, and there make oath, in the presence of the clerk of the peace for the county, and four justices at the least, of the truth of the aforesaid, and that the same be given in writing, signed and sealed, and forwarded with all possible dispatch to the municipality of Lyons.—

I am, my dear old Nurse,

Your's most affectionately, &c.

LET-

## LETTER XXIII.

Lyons, Sept. 1791.

CHARLES B. M. C. Esq.

YOU, my good cousin, who have so often witnessed the raving acts of ruined gamblers; and rioted amongst the unfettered ruffians from Bagshot-heath, or Broad St. Giles, have still to learn some little of the world from a gang of Lyonesse assassins.—

Were such men's morals less exceptionable, their society would be far more interesting—for I do assure you much of human nature may be learnt amongst them—nor do they suffer in my estimation

tion for being stigmatized with the appellation of a GANG—an hereditary propensity that hath probably been handed down to me through the channel of our great ancestor the Gypsey—

The first eight days from my arrival at Lyons, I was kept in close confinement with those barbarous desperadoes that murdered Juellen and his family—nothing in all nature can be so ridiculous as the cause of my commitment; the particulars of which it is necessary to communicate to you, as an introduction to your becoming the instrument of an act of charity.—

During the winter that my mother was pregnant with me, she unfortunately longed for a red Bury pear, which, in the cold climate I was born, my father made every effort to gratify her with—alas! it was forbidden fruit—and so this necessary  
absti-



abstinence left as strong an impression on *her* mind, as it hath upon *my* body; for upon a certain part which I carefully conceal from the eye of curiosity, I carry about me at particular seasons as healthy a fruit of this description, as hath ever flourished in the bed of nature.

This phenomenon disappears with the fall of the leaf; and as the mark was particularly mentioned by Montmorin in my passport from Paris three months ago, and hath since, as usual, taken its departure, the municipality of Lyons committed me for further examination:—

I wrote immediately to England, requesting that my mother and old nurse would send over their written testimony to this fact, properly evidenced and authenticated.—The latter unfortunately was dead; and had it not been for a singular

lar occurrence that happened to me when a boy, I should have remained in prison till the month of August next.

I was one day bathing in a pond at some distance from my father's house during the dog-days—the water was deeper than I imagined; so, after having exhausted all my strength and lungs in swimming and calling for assistance, I went to the bottom.—

Three labourers, who were at work in an adjoining field, ran to the spot from whence the sound proceeded; but, as the water was extremely foul, it was some time before they could discover where I lay, and when they dragged me out, every appearance of life had left me.

They wisely, however, bethought them  
of

of rubbing me with their warm jackets, till respiration took place again, and as the signs of life returned, the friction of their clothes restored my Bury pear to its natural bloom.

This extraordinary appearance made such a lasting impression on their memories, that they have given it in at the court of E—— with the most minute and circumstantial evidence—and as I was formerly indebted to these poor fellows for my *life*, I now am for my *liberty*.

I wish to confer on them some lasting mark of my regard, but am unable to do it myself, as my travelling cash is departing away from me apace.—

And I am sure nothing will more warmly recommend them to your patronage, than the consideration that they

have restored to the wandering world,  
one of the posterity of Bamfylde Moore  
Carew.—

I have the honor to be,

Yours, &c.

L E T -



## LETTER XXIV.

Lyons, Sept. 1791.

SIR PETER T.

GENTLEMEN travellers speak of the city of Lyons with different degrees of enthusiasm—I trust I am not in the splenetic humour that S—ll—t was when he stopped here, but, with due deference to the proprietors of silk manufactures, they have taken up their residence in the most disagreeable place I had ever the misfortune to be confined in.

During the summer, the heat is so excessive, that, excepting in the two first stories of the narrowest streets, a stranger is

is scarcely supplied with air enough to keep the lungs in play—for the houses are so lofty and near to each other, that, with a tolerable lover's leap, a man may throw himself into the bedchamber of his *dulcinea* over the way; consequently the sun seldom makes its appearance, except in the upper stories.

Lyons would also be the nastiest city in the world, was it not washed by two of the largest rivers in France, and by six months incessant rain in the winter—It is supposed that Hannibal crossed with his army at the precise junction of the Rhone and Saone, about a mile below the town.

The former is very low at this time, which is the more remarkable, as the heat has been intense for two months past; for it may not be amiss to observe to you, that  
the

the Rhone usually swells in proportion to the heat—an inconsistency that will be easily reconciled, when you consider, that the size of this river depends on the melting of the ice mountains—The inhabitants boast of some Roman antiquities; but after diligent search I could discover nothing but a statue of Hercules about the size of a pagod, and a piece of Mosaic pavement, something larger than a backgammon-board.—

In the Cathedral is a curious time-piece; at twelve o'clock, an Angel, the Virgin, the Holy Ghost, the Twelve Apostles, and a watchman, are all busily employed in making it strike.—

The Prebendaries of this Cathedral are forty-eight in number, and bear the title of Counts, none being admissible who cannot prove sixteen quarters of nobility.—

In

In the church of St. John, the Greek church was united to the Latin, by Pope Gregory in 1274.—The Archbishop is primate of the Gauls.—

The library is select, and open to the public on certain days—the Schola Veterinaria is worthy attention; the practice of farriery being carried to an astonishing pitch of excellency.

Vast multitudes were called together to receive the new constitution in front of my hotel—it was accepted with very few marks of approbation, even by the soldiers and commonalty; and it came within my knowledge, that a certain lady, whom I have the honor to visit, conveyed letters between the princes and the commanding officers—the people are gaping for the coming of the Prince de Condé, with the same eagerness and prospect



prospect as the Jews expecting their Messiah.——

The inhabitants are chiefly mercantile; extremely stupid, and unacquainted with every thing except the manufactures of silk and embroidery—this latter is worked to a great degree of elegance and richness, by young women distinguished by the name of Brodeuses—these are farmers daughters, who have single lodgings in all quarters of the city—Upwards of an hundred are employed at this time, in one large gallery, on a costly suit for the Duchess of York; and in another, for the Grand Seigneur.——

Lyons was burnt to the ground in the reign of Nero, who sent a million of gold towards re-building it—the population at present amounts to about one hundred and eighty thousand.——

The

The prison stands upon a rock ; and looks down upon the Saone from the height of three hundred perpendicular feet—never was my attention so deeply rivetted, or my curiosity so interested, as by the sight of a venerable' figure whom I found sleeping on the bare ground in one of the recesses of this prison—they called him Count ; but as he had outlived many a gaoler, no one knew his story—as soon as he awoke, I addressed him with all possible respect, and requested to know the cause of his confinement and the sad history of his life.—

“ Stranger,” said the old man, “ of the cause of my confinement I am unable to inform you ; and I have passed the age of man whilst nothing has befallen me—I have lived sixty years within the confines of this dungeon.—

“ I am

" I am of a noble family, and my revenue was large—when I was about six and twenty years of age, I was seized in my chateau by the officers of government, and conducted to this prison——my family was degraded, and my wife, with an infant son, was sent into a distant land.

" Of all the events that have passed in the world since that period, I am acquainted with *only one*.——

" There is, I understand, some commotion in the state, by which I am permitted to leave these walls—this event hath raised within me an alarm, of which I had almost forgotten the sensations——alas!" said he, bursting into tears; " alas! stranger, I have now *hopes* and *fears*."

This was all that he could utter; and  
never

never surely shall I lose the impression of that look of despair, with which these words were accompanied.——

I found from the keeper of the prison, that since the revolution the good old man had often fallen into paroxysms of grief, though he had previously borne his confinement with the most singular resignation.——

His prayers were, that he might die within his dungeon.——

His *fears* were, that he should be dragged again into the *world*.——

I am aware that tales of this sort are every where to be found; and you will imagine, I fear, that I am indulging myself with a sort of licence, which *we* travellers are said universally to exercise without scruple or remorse on our credulous correspondents.

You



You may suppose, however, that I should have chosen a less-hackneyed theme for the subject of my *invention*; and I assure you, on my honor, that I present you with the very figure, and almost with the very words, of *the old Nobleman in the prison of Lyons*.

I was so affected with this incident, that I determined to take my leave of the city of Lyons, as I doubt not you will also most cheerfully consent to do—two days, however, previous to my departure, I bought me a clever German poney, and in the evening had the curiosity to ride to a French fair.—

The insolence of the mob was past all bearing—they seized my poney by the tail, and twirled us round several times—of many thousands that were present, not one well-dressed person made his appearance;

ance; and on my return I was assured, that had I not been an *English* gentleman, I should have been most indisputably suspended *à la lanterne*.—

I have the honor to be,

Sir Peter,

Yours, &c.

LET-

## LETTER XXV.

Avignon, Oct. 1791.

R. P. ESQUIRE.

THE usual method of travelling down the Rhone is cheap, pleasant, and expeditious—two Englishmen from Spa (one of whom I had some slight knowledge of) were on their way to Nice—the water-coach for Avignon is so large and commodious, that gentry and commonalty are not only in distinct apartments, but horses and carriages are taken on board with convenience—so I introduced my German poney to their English horses, and took leave of the city of Lyons.

The

The distance from thence to Avignon is 120 miles, a journey frequently performed in 24 hours—this mode of travelling is the most lively imaginable—the rapidity of the current—the variety of romantic views that break upon you at every winding of the river—the remains of villages that have been swept away by the torrent—the stupendous rocks that by their downfall threaten to block up the vast channel and turn its course—the tottering ruins of the proud chateaus of ancient feudal barons that hang upon the mountains brows; conspire to give perpetual novelty to the eye, and pleasing horror to the mind.—

Passing Vienne, we had a view of a grand triumphal arch in honor of Augustus; and a temple by Palladio, the whole

of



of which, except the capitals of the columns and the cornice, the *tasty* inhabitants had completely covered with plaister of Paris.—

As the wind was directly in our teeth we slept at Teint, opposite to the hill on which the hermitage wine is made—this hill is only two miles in circumference, and the wine takes its name from an ancient hermitage that is still standing on its top.

After supper we drank so stoutly both of the white and red, that one of my companions, who was a general officer, pronounced us unfit for further service.—the white is too luscious to be used with any thing but fruit, but the red will gratify the palate in æternum.

There is a spiral plant peculiar to the Rhone, the stem of which is so elastic that

the flower is never under water, though the body of the river rises from ten to fifteen feet.——The rain was heavy in the night; but as the sun rose the clouds dispersed, and the scenery of the second day was infinitely more interesting and enchanting than the former——we frequently ran down a fall of water half a mile in length with such velocity that it occasioned an internal tremor, something like that arising from the rapid motion of a swing.

At Viviers, the provinces of Languedoc, Provence and Dauphiné unite—this city stands surrounded by rocks and mountains of amazing height, on the summit of which are the Bishop's palace and a college—here the rocks run down perpendicular to the water's edge—the view is such, about half a mile above, that it seems

seems either as if the river lost itself, or that the boat must dash against a precipice in front; but on our arrival, the current whirled us round the corner of the mountain with as much nicety as if the Nereids themselves had steered us.

We had a strange philosopher on board, who argued whimsically on causes and effects—a Benedictine friar—he attributed the rapidity of the river to the attraction which the greater bodies exert over the less; not to the declination of the country through which it passed—it was on this account that the Rhone was travelling post from the mountains in Switzerland to the Mediterranean sea.

About a league above the bridge of St. Esprit the pilots are taken in; because the stream becomes so rapid below this



spot, that it is impossible to come on board—this bridge is the longest in Europe, and built in form of a curve, to resist the force of the water—the appearance of it is so light and elegant, that one would suppose it was built more for ornament than use—it is so narrow that two carriages cannot pass each other upon it; and the arches being but a few feet wider than the water-coach, the presence of the pilots in some measure reconciles the passengers to the danger to which they are exposed—we *threaded* it with astonishing velocity—every soul on board was on the deck; and I being a tolerable swimmer, was sufficiently collected to take notice of the different effects of terror on the human countenance.—

A company of national guards was going down to Avignon to assist in quelling the



the rioters—at the instant we shot the centre arch, I struck the kettle drum with all my force—it was scarcely possible to bear the effect that it produced—the sound re-bellowed like a forty pounder fired in the whispering gallery of St. Paul's.

The passengers were thunderstruck, and though they were ill inclined to stomach the joke, it must be recollected they were French.—

—So supper dissipated their chagrin, and we took a sociable and cheerful meal at St. Esprit.

Landing at Avignon is attended with considerable danger—the greatest difficulty is to stop the water-coach—a cable is thrown out of considerable length, and a body of men stand upon the shore ready to wind it round a huge pillar; though t e

sudden check frequently oversets three parts of the cargo. —

I got upon my German poney and rode round the ramparts—the castle stands entirely on a rock of such an elevation, that it commands a prospect from Carpentras to the Alps.

Avignon is such a scene of desolation and distress, as I never witnessed—four parties are now cutting each other's throats—the Pope's—the National Assembly's—the King's—and the Independant's—add to which, the wars with Carpentras have thinned its population—destroyed its commerce—and driven its principal inhabitants to seek shelter in other countries.

The wretched people that remain are resolute and revengeful—the few women I have met with are of that peculiar sort  
beauty,

beauty, that characterises the countries of Provence; and it is the more pitiable to see them, as neither age nor sex is spared, and they are in all probability but victims doomed to fresh scenes of barbarity and massacre. —

I have this morning been to see the celebrated fountain of Vaucluse—where Petrarch sighed and wept—of Laura and of love.

In the church of the Franciscans is the tomb of Laura, and I need not remind you (who are so well skilled in Italian literature) of that elegant mournful sonnet which was found deposited in her grave.

Qui giaccion quelle caste e felici ossa  
Di quell' alma gentile, e sola in terra, &c.

And the last lines contain a singular

L 4

mixture



mixture of the *passion of love and the fervor of devotion.*

O delicati membri ! o viva face

Ch'ancor mi cuoci, e struggi ! inginocchiame

Ciascun preghi'l Signor t'acetti in pace.

And in another church there is a curious painting of her.

The head and neck are the most lovely which painter ever placed on canvas ; but this whimsical artist, by way of exhibiting his skill in anatomy, hath painted the *skeleton* of the remainder ; the beauty of the one throws such a ghastliness upon the other, that I believe its excellence is seldom examined.——

The staple commodity of this country, is the madder root ; which England imports from the harbour of Marseilles.

I am



I am now going to take leave of my fellow travellers, who are preparing to depart for Nice, and so it will be necessary previously to take leave of you.

Your's truly, &c.

L5

LET.

## LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

OUR general officer and myself took leave on indifferent terms—I had paid for part of his freight from Lyons, on condition of being reimbursed in assignats of five livres—he wanted to compromise with me, by repaying those of fifty, by which I should have lost twenty per cent.—I had been long enough in France to understand the difference of exchange as well as the *oldest soldier* in the service.—

Our hero was a veteran whose aspect commanded more respect than his actions on the present instance appeared to warrant

rant—he was extremely rich, and had a strange delight in promoting expence with those whose purses were not of the same dimensions with his own—the well of his chaise was stuffed with Burgundy, but his comrades might have perished ere a cork had quitted its hold.—

There is no character I reverence so much as that of an old soldier;—but for our commander it was necessary to hold the mirror to his face—and as nature shrunk back at its own image, it may not be thought extraordinary that we parted less friends than if we had never met.—

A few hours after, the master of the hotel hinted to me, that the thirst for blood was likely to commence anew—I therefore mounted my poney expeditiously, and passed the guards full speed without ever venturing to look behind

me till I had nearly reached the *Pont du Gard*.\*

This wonderful piece of architecture is of the Tuscan order—the elegance, simplicity, and symmetry of it are inconceivable—it was built 19 years before the birth of Christ, and consists of three ranges of arches one upon another, that support an aqueduct which conveyed water from the top of one mountain to another.

It is nearly in as good preservation as if it was but of modern date; and though not more than six feet thick throughout the upper range, has stood the force of winds and the decay of time for these

\* We are indebted as much to the *ignorance* as to the *execution* of the Romans, for this noble remnant of antiquity—the doctrine that *water will find its level* was then unknown.—



eighteen centuries—the upper arcade consists of five and thirty arches, to the height of about one hundred and seventy feet—I clambered to the very top, and creeping into the aqueduct proceeded to a broken part in the middle, where I was chilled with horror at looking down the tremendous precipice; and my alarms were not lessened by the danger and difficulty of turning round.——

The little river Gordon babbles amongst the rocks beneath, skirted by flowers and evergreens that give an air of enchantment to its winding banks.—

Just as I had effected my descent, a courier came by from Avignon, who told me that three hundred men and seventy women were butchered in the streets.

Great historian, thought I, thou art  
certainly

certainly reserved for some extraordinary fate.—

The scene I had escaped in some measure took off my attention from the beautiful structure I had just surveyed; and so I pursued my road to Nîmes, bewildered with reflecting on the strange things which I had heard and seen.—

Nîmes was the seat of ancient, and is capable of becoming that of modern luxury—the wealthy Romans frequently took up their residence there, as is evident from the magnificent ruins that remain.—

The Tour Magne, which seems to have been either a mausoleum or a watch tower, is indeed in a tottering state, and the *remains* of the Roman baths, though their shape is preserved in the modern work, are scarcely visible—the temple of  
Diana

Diana is become a perfect ruin—but the Amphitheatre and Maison Quarée are in a most astonishing state of perfection—the latter is the most exquisite production of the art of man, and in the best preservation of any ancient piece of architecture in Europe—the order is chaste Corinthian—the roof is supported by twenty columns just engaged within the wall; and the peristyle consists of ten pillars that sustain the entablature—these pillars are all fluted, and their capitals adorned with the most exquisite sculpture—the foliage—the frieze and cornice are inimitable; and the proportions of the whole so just, that the pleasure of examining it is heightened by the effect of its most happy symmetry—but the simplicity of it is in some measure destroyed by a religious whim of Louis the Fourteenth; who by way of adding to the



the grandeur of antiquity, hath crammed in a tawdry modern chapel underneath it.—

It is astonishing that this unparalleled piece of workmanship should have remained entire, if we consider the various wars in which Nîmes has been engaged, and the barbarous customs of its ancient invaders.—

As I have carefully examined all the history relating to this extraordinary monument of art, I am enabled with some confidence to join in opinion with those ingenious antiquaries, who imagine that it was built by the Emperor Adrian, and intended as a temple in honor of Plotina, to whose ascendancy over the virtuous Trajan, he was certainly indebted for the Imperial purple.

Within these last two years some very fine mosaics hath been dug in upon, and  
medals



medals of the reign of Augustus found—in order to keep the former in the *best* state of preservation possible, a handkerchief manufactory is established over it; the women employed are shod with iron, and are constantly trampling on it with the same degree of indifference as if they were walking on common pavement.—

It is extraordinary, that the Roman Eagles which are found here, have generally their heads torn from their bodies—which has with great probability been attributed to the Goths, whose savage manners disposed them to triumph over a fallen enemy by so singular an insult.—

The road from hence to Montpellier leads through a plain of many miles, the soil of which is so extremely rich, and produces such a variety of fruits, mulberries,

ries, vines, olives, &c. that it has more the appearance of a wood than a cultivated plain—the surface is covered with corn, lilies and violets—game is in vast abundance; the red partridge, otterlan, pied pheasant, and white hare, to be seen at almost every opening—the vicinity of the sea, which is supposed to have in ancient times covered this whole country, supplies the inhabitants with fish in great plenty and variety.—

—Almost all carriage work is done by mules, which grow to sixteen hands, but are extremely slow of progress.—

Travellers seemed surprised to see a man flying by upon a little German poney.—

The *diligence* sets off from Nismes for Montpellier at four in the morning—the German poney and its proprietor started at ten, and arrived two hours before it.

The

The chief impediment in travelling is the difficulty of making one's self understood; for the Patoise language, composed of *bastard* Italian, *bad* French, is as little like the Parisian dialect, as that of Monmouth to the court of St. James's.

Your's truly, &c.

to think that our physicians could think of recommending the air of Montpellier for a chronic disorder. I am at loss to conceive—I never felt it colder at this season of the year in the North of England, and shall certainly make but a very short stay for fear of an attack of the rheumatism—the country round is hilly and the air frost and piercing; and though formerly this place hath been in great request by the English, I fancy they have of late regarded it with less favour.

L E T-

## LETTER XXVIII.

Montpellier, Oct. 1791.

DEAR SIR PETER,

HOW your physicians could think of recommending the air of Montpellier for a chronic disorder, I am at loss to conceive—I never felt it colder at this season of the year in the North of England, and shall certainly make but a very short stay for fear of an attack of the rheumatism—the country round is hilly, and the air stout and bracing; and though formerly this place hath been in great request by the English, I fancy they have of late years discovered, that they come  
here



here to *purchase* the same climate that they get *gratis* at home.—

The country is equally calculated for the diversions of shooting, and fishing, and even hunting might be introduced with success—the rides are beautiful—the views extensive—the Place de Peyrou exhibits a prospect that no part of the world equals—it is bounded on the S. W. by the Pyrennees—on the N. E. by the Ice mountains in Switzerland—fronted by the Mediterranean, and flanked by a rich extent of country that wears a perpetual verdure—scarcely a day has past since I left Burgundy, without my having had, about sun-set, a view of the hoary head of Mont Blanc.—

Provisions and public amusements are at a very reasonable rate—whether there be much society, I have had little time to  
inform

inform myself, but am so far warranted in saying that the fair sex are so much disposed to it, that my perruquier this morning waited on me with a message from a very pretty woman of the country, offering her society at five livres per month.—

Near the Palace de Peyrou is a well-executed bas-relief, the history of which is, that when Louis XIV. besieged Montpellier, and the inhabitants found themselves no longer able to defend the walls, they held a council of war, how to appease the fury of the enraged invaders—knowing the temper of the tyrant, they agreed to send the most beautiful woman of the place to tender the keys of the city gate—even this stratagem had no effect on the merciless ambition of the monarch; and he proceeded to batter down the walls,

to

to march sword in hand over the ruins, thinking it more honorable to enter the city through a path which can only be trodden by such *illustrious murderers of mankind*.—

An intelligent young officer hath attended me to every place worth notice; and as our acquaintance improved, he informed me, that he was late chaplain to the Archbishop of Montpellier.—One day after walking about the gardens, he shewed me a set of apartments where this conscientious prelate had constantly four mistresses for the entertainment of himself and of his visitors.—

The Protestants have suffered great persecutions here, from time immemorial, and till very lately were obliged to hold their assemblies in a wood; but they are now permitted to exercise their devotions within



within the city—in former times their meetings were irregular and necessarily kept secret, in order to avoid the fatal effects of popular prejudice—a priestess fell a sacrifice on one of these occasions; and to this hour such is the superstition of the natives, that, whether from reverence or dread of vengeance, they never kill or suffer to be eaten any animal that is found within a certain distance of the spot.—

But to return to the subject of your letter—if you are bent upon the south of France, the climate of Nice is infinitely better adapted to the complaints you speak of than that of Montpellier—after having crossed the country to the ancient city of Arles; and coasted along the Mediterranean as near as the woods or the rocks will allow me, I shall make some stay  
at



at Marseilles ;—where I shall be happy to receive your commands relative to any preparations that may be necessary for your accommodation on your arrival in the south of France.

I have the honor to be,

Your's, &c.

## LETTER XXIX.

Marseilles, Oct. 1793.

LADY B.

NO part of my travels has amused me more than the little trip I have just now taken; from the whole of which the ordinary mode of travelling in carriages would have certainly precluded me—the strength and safety of the little animal I bought at Lyons removes every barrier to the gratification of my curiosity—he clammers a mountain with the agility of a goat, and descends it with the caution of a mule.—

Yours

From

From Montpellier we struck across the country for Arles, a city that history hath ever celebrated for the uncommon beauty of its women, and the singularity of their dress; the originality of which they have scrupulously preserved from the ages when the Roman ladies took up their residence in Gaul.

The distance was fifty miles—the whole of this part of my journey was through a vast, open, unfrequented country—the language, a barbarous mixture of Italian and French—the inns rare, and extremely miserable; and what added still further to my embarrassment, the late overflowings of the Rhone had filled up all the horse-tracks with sand and gravel, as there had been incessant rains for ten days past, and none previous to this period for six months.—

Amidst these perplexities I frequently lost my way; and having travelled about forty miles, arrived at a large wood where robberies and assassinations were frequently committed—just at the entrance of this wood the day began to fail me—I was still twelve miles from Arles, and too sensible that the twilight in this latitude was of short duration—such an unusual terror came upon me, that every bush I passed appeared to be a man with his throat cut, or a murderer with a bloody knife—at length a light appeared upon a distant eminence—it was necessary to make towards it, whether it led to a place of safety or a den of robbers—it was a light upon the ramparts of the city of Arles.

The walls of this city are washed by the Rhone, and the entrance is by a bridge of



of boats; which, being chained together, rise and sink according to the swell or decrease of water.

Had I at this moment stumbled on a draw-bridge, which led to the enchanted castle of some tremendous Magician, I should have passed over it with pleasure after the perilous adventures I had just surmounted.

Arles has scarcely any communication with the world, and having little to do with either trade or travellers, the luxuries of an inn have never been attended to—After wandering about the streets in search of some accommodation several hours, I found a warm reception from the worthy keeper of an eating house—this was a singular character—his house was well appointed—himself respected by his superiors, and beloved by his fellow citizens

—he was proud to have an Englishman beneath his roof—had read of liberty and public virtue, and was an honest man.—

Having rigged me with clean linen, he attended me to pay my respects to the principal inhabitants, where my reception was such as my landlord had given a specimen of. Nîmes excepted, this city contains the finest remains of Roman architecture that France has to boast of—a whole pillar of Oriental granite—an Amphitheatre—two Corinthian pillars at the Misericorde, of Sicilian marble, most exquisitely finished; which were supposed to be the entrance of a temple; and many remains of antiquity less worthy notice—in respect to its internal government, the spirit of the Roman laws was in force up to the revolution, and the executive power vested in four consuls.—

This

This was the season of all others for the gratification of my curiosity—the commissary general was just arrived from Paris—the celebration of the ancient bull-fight was to take place the second day after my arrival—some thousands of the women of the country were expected.—Temporary galleries were erected for ten thousand spectators—company came flocking in from every quarter within fifty leagues.

Thirteen bulls had been taken from a neighbouring forest, where they were bred wild; and several horsemen arrived from Spain, reputed for their skill in this dangerous exercise.—

The morning of the celebration arrived—and when the cannons announced the commencement of the daring spectacle, I was conducted to the scene of action—



about seven thousand people were assembled, and the principal inhabitants had politely set apart the most advantageous seat for the accommodation of Monsieur Anglois—fancying myself a being of no common order placed amongst the first visitors of distinction, I thought myself entitled to address the most beautiful woman I could find—walking therefore slowly round the galleries, under pretence of saluting the whole company, I passed by several of the finest women I have ever seen, and sat me down by that which evidently came nearest to perfection.—

She was tall and fair; and her symmetry so exquisite, that I almost doubted her *humanity*.

She spoke the language of her country, and though it only served further to illustrate the infinity of sounds that the four  
and



and twenty letters are capable of producing, a deaf man might have understood her meaning; for the lustre of her large blue eyes was so communicative, that it imparted every sentiment of her soul.

All nature, as far as I have ever seen, hath brought forth nothing comparable to the vermillion of her lips—which, when she meant to open her whole battery of charms, became dissevered by a smile, and displayed the ivory plantations that were reared within.—

The originality of her dress, added dignity to her person—she wore a flat black hat, encircled with a rim of gold three inches deep—a profusion of fine auburne hair hung down upon her shoulders, loosely tied with a revolution ribbon—about her neck she had a velvet

M 5 collar,

collar, fastened with a ruby; from which a golden cross, studded with brilliants, dropped down upon her bosom—her left arm was confined by a bracelet of solid gold, fastened by two *padlocks* \* of the same—and on her fingers she had many precious rings, which her taper joints scarcely prevented from slipping off.—

The fine linen which she wore about her neck was bordered deep with costly lace—her gown (or rather jacket, for it came no lower than her waist), was of green taffety—her petticoat was sky-blue silk, fringed with gold lace, which dropped no farther than within two inches of her knee, from whence a pair of snow-

\* After marriage, the husband is entitled to the key of one of these padlocks—Trials for crim. con. you see, might not have been uncommon in early days.

white stockings sheltered her fair flesh from the impertinent and roving eye of man. And these were fastened by a rich embroidered garter, with the word *liberté* emblazoned on it.

Strange motto for a lady's garter!—

Her leg was much too finely turned to be completely handsome; and her foot, fitter to balance a fairy on, than to support the noble structure that was raised upon it.—

Such was the woman of Arles—modest—extremely so—and such an one as I imagine God intended Eve to be.

The first animal that was turned out of the den, gave little entertainment—the second became exasperated and very savage—A Spaniard rode at him, and managing his lance with admirable dexterity, brought him to the ground—this man was

frequently victorious, but being at last dismounted must have instantly fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the beast, which he had wounded in several places, had not the figure of a man been thrown into the ring—this expedient is frequently had recourse to with success in cases of extreme danger; and takes off the attention of the bull; being made upon the plan of the Dutch toy, which is no sooner down than it again starts upon its legs.

The bull fight is a diversion that keeps the chords of sensibility too much upon the stretch; having been therefore witness to the death of several horses—seen one man's thigh ripped up, and many escaped destruction by the most unexpected and astonishing activity, I took my departure for Marseilles.—

The entrance to Aix, the capital of  
Provence,



Provence, is through a rich plain of vines, furrounded by an amphitheatre of rocks.

And in the course of this varied scenery, I frequently passed beds and banks of violets and full blown roses, whilst at that instant your Ladyship was chilling over a winter's fire in England.—

From the top of the mountain from which I looked down upon this charming scene, the Bastides, or Bourgeois country houses, seemed so regulary spread, that an equal portion of land appeared to be allotted to each—

The difference of climate and production, between this and Montpellier (a distance not exceeding thirty leagues), is the more extraordinary, as the latitude is the same.

The Rhone appears to change both the face of nature, and divide the seasons—

Languedoc

Languedoc is green and level—Provence is sandy and mountainous—the very summits of the rocks are topped with vines—the vallies crowded with almond trees.

On one side of the Rhone you broil at Christmas; on the other, shiver in July—

Aix is an ancient, handsome, well-built city—the streets are adorned with large fountains, through which the water issues boiling hot—the width is such, that on each side the road there is a public promenade, shaded by elms of an amazing height—these serve also to shelter the lower apartments from the sun, and by this means render the dog-days more tolerable.

This part of the country is however the hot-bed of the south of France.—

Here also at the breaking out of the revolution a terrible carnage took place;  
vast

vast numbers of whole families were massacred; and those who concealed themselves in their apartments, and dared not go forth, were precluded from the common blessings of light, and fresh air; for, such of their friends and family as had fallen victims, were suspended to the trees before their windows.—

This seems to be a refinement on cruelty peculiar to the common people in France;—in every other country, with death, revenge is glutted.—

The Hotel de Ville contains some good pictures of the Counts of Provence—the baths are extremely luxurious, and floored with ancient Mosaic.—

From thence I came to Marseilles, where the cooling exercise of riding post through the most sultry part of the south of France, has thrown out such a rash  
upon

upon me, as to confine me to my room, and given me an opportunity of dispatching to your Ladyship so long and circumstantial a letter.—

I have the honor to be,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

LET-



## LETTER XXX.

Marseilles, Dec. 1793.

T. A- Esq.

BEING now a perfect financier, I have a great scheme in view, and have been more than once on the brink of setting off to Italy—the money I have remaining will help me on to Naples, from whence a cargo of china will be embarked in May, as a present to the King of England, and so peradventure I shall work my passage home.—

Marseilles has little to recommend it in respect of any remaining monuments of antiquity or science; but the luxuries  
of

of life are easily procured;—a good supply of fish, the Mediterranean breezes, and the general temperature of the winter months, draw together visitors from all parts of the globe—the exchange with England is so favourable, that I have just drawn at sixteen and a half, or, in more comprehensible terms, at the rate of one hundred and eighty pounds for one hundred pounds sterling.—

The public amusements are given in a style of great splendor and spirit—the larger theatre is upon an immense scale of magnificence, and the company as select as the nature of a mercantile city will admit of—but in respect to the varieties, or little theatre, it is ever crowded with young men of gallantry, kept mistresses, and so forth.

From the earliest history indeed the  
natives

natives of Marseilles have been notorious for a virtuous course of life, but I am informed that this city contains at present upwards of five thousand women of the town.

The municipality, or chief magistrates, are a set of the most mercenary scoundrels that ever disgraced a civilized government, and take every method to plunder foreigners.—

Amongst a good society of English is a Colonel G—t—the Colonel is a polished gentleman, and has proved himself a gallant soldier—one evening at the play, a little insignificant *French Taylor* entered the boxes, and placed himself directly before the Colonel, with his hat on.

It was not well for a *French Taylor* to stand covered in front of a *British Colonel*.

Suddenly

Suddenly the taylor's hat flew into the pit—my countryman was roughly handled by the guards, and, as he spoke no French, I crossed the boxes to explain for him—the hungry officers of justice foresaw the advantages that would arise from this dispute; binding the taylor therefore over to make his appearance at the tribunal on the following day, and the Colonel's hands behind his back, no farther explanation was suffered to take place; and my commander and his unfortunate interpreter were immediately committed to the common gaol.

My banker, and the English consul, waited on the ministers of justice; the former offered to bail us in ten thousand pounds to make our appearance at the next day's sitting—and though the new written law of France particularly expresses that *bail shall*

not



*not be refused except in criminal cases,* the friendly interference and liberal offer of our banker were rejected.

When the soldiers had hurried us insultingly to the place of confinement, a captain of the guards entered—the Colonel hoping to find some redress from a brother officer, approached, and tapped him on the epaulette; then pointed to his own shoulder, to signify that he also bore rank in the army—the boisterous Frenchman thought himself affronted, and ordered my companion to a dungeon—his commands were instantly put into execution, and the Colonel, after remaining an hour in this dreadful situation, and nearly suffocated for want of air, was restored to the society of myself and a gang of miscreants that the keeper of Newgate would have blushed to admit.

What

What select parties a traveller occasionally falls in with !

I passed the night upon a sort of barrack-board amongst the criminals ; with a woman under condemnation for witchcraft on my left hand, and one of the galley slaves from Barbary on my right—the Colonel stretched himself upon the table ; laid his head upon a log of wood ; and made his pocket handkerchief a pillowcase—during a short repose I found myself severely handled by the bugs—the Colonel was an older soldier than myself, and had taken these precautions to escape the ravages of vermin.

The morning rendered all the horrors of our situation visible ; a faint light let in from one corner of the prison introduced us to the tattered shirtless wretches with whom we had passed the night.—

This

This indignity worked powerfully upon the Colonel's mind—for myself, the singularity of the scene amused me, and I must confess there have been times when I have been less at home.—

At twelve o'clock the municipality assembled—The Colonel and myself were ordered into the *presence*—the insulted dignity of the *little Taylor* worked him up to such a pitch of passion, that he swore with more virulence than truth—the Colonel was excluded from the theatre, posted on the public walls, and a contribution levied on him of 300 livres—no charge being substantiated against me, I was reprimanded; and no redress being obtainable for false imprisonment, was by their wisdom and justice mercifully restored to freedom—here was a specimen of the dawning liberty of France; you  
will



will easily imagine that previous to taking any refreshment my principal concern was how to rid me of the pestilence that hung about me; taking therefore an entire change of linen to the shore, I plunged into the Mediterranean.—

Hard by the fort of St. Nicholas stands a rock about six feet perpendicular from the water's edge, from whence I had frequently taken a lusty leap and soufed into the sea—the astonishment of the people upon those occasions almost exceeds belief; but is easily accounted for, when I assure you, that out of the many thousand foreigners and natives resident in Marseilles, no one ever thinks of washing his body in the sea—whether this arises from prejudice or the danger of being swallowed up by the sharks, I cannot say, it is however certain that they were as  
much



much astonished at *my re-appearance*, as they would be at the resurrection of Neptune.—

For some days past the frost hath been so uncommonly severe that the orange trees are cut to pieces, and the ice is of sufficient strength to bear my weight, a circumstance that hath happened in this latitude but once within the memory of man—having a pair of skaits with me, a manufacture that is wholly unknown to the mechanics of this latitude, I have amused myself upon the ice.—

Such as are hardy enough to face the weather, crowd to the water's edge, and seem delighted with the art of skaiting—infants are stuffed into their mothers muffs; and when the calls of nature are so pressing, that one part of the body must of necessity make its appearance,

the effect produced is infinitely ridiculous.——

The wind continues to blow cuttingly from the North, and is as oppressive to the inhabitants of the South of France, as the Sirocco would be to the natives of Lapland.

Your's truly, &c.

## LETTER XXXI.

Toulon, Decr. 29<sup>th</sup> 1791

TO THE SAME.

IT is now eight months since I left England, during which period the real characters and tempers of the people of this country have made no inconsiderable part of my study and observation; and as I have occasionally mixed with persons of every description, the nature of them is the more easily deciphered.—

The men of fashion are polished in their manners to a degree of refinement—pleasant and hospitable to strangers—cold and inconstant to their wives—lavish on their

mistresses, rather from vanity than attachment—in sensible to the pangs of jealousy—in capable of love.—

And he that feels not the infidelity of a bad woman, nor the value of a virtuous one, is little incommoded with the fine feelings of sensibility, humanity, friendship, and every thing that dignifies the soul of man.—

The women are engaging, generous, and sincere; and though addicted to pleasure and volatile in the extreme, they are by nature virtuous; but (whether from the coldness of their husbands, or from the effect of climate,) ever dreaming of intrigue, and licentious in their gratifications.—

The ignorance of the clergy is astonishing, and from this circumstance the superstitions both of themselves and the laity may be suspected to arise.

The



The middle orders of society are ever scheming to over-reach both strangers and each other—every mechanic has his mistress; but, whether from being poorly kept and indifferently rigged, or from their natural politeness to the English, the padlock of their hearts turns glibly with a golden key.--

Their wives I am perfectly unacquainted with.—

The commonalty have wholly misunderstood the meaning of the word liberty; and being unable to combat the giddy excess between abject slavery and unrestrained licentiousness, are become unruly and insolent.

In respect to the fair sex there appears no reason why art should not make up the deficiencies of nature; and yet amongst the ruddy natives of the north, paint is

always considered, if not the signal, at least the appendage to depravity.—

But this substitute is so extremely innocent in itself, and is used by French women with so much delicacy and caution, that it gives an indescribable vivacity to their eyes, and a most '*Angelic*' softness to their skin—

"*Angels* are painted fair to look like them"—

albeit if *Angels* had never been painted at all, the family likeness would have been less conspicuous.—

In respect to their veracity, I would rely on the word of a French woman upon every occasion—in the course of my experience I have never met with but one instance to the contrary, and this woman's assertions were so palpably inconsistent, that they never could have been  
meant

meant to deceive; and the fact is, that she was desperately in love with a Cherokee Indian—there are times when the wisest women may be deceived in their judgment of *colours*. It was in these moments, that the sooty complexion of the Cherokee appeared to the eye of his *innamorata*, whiter than the snows of Caucasus; and what is really singular, this delusion of her senses seems to have extended to the *badinage* of her speech as well as of her actions—having long been in the habits of believing that *black was white*, she at last brought herself likewise into the *habit of swearing it*.

It has now rained here for forty days successively—the wind blows continually from the sea, and the harbour is full of freighted ships unable to stir—the sun has not been visible for this week past, which



is the more extraordinary, as it is observable that on the sea-coast the atmosphere is always clearest—during this time no letters have arrived here from the East; and nine posts are delayed by the swelling of the Durance.—

I have been for some time past making preparations for my trip to Italy, and was musing on my plans in an unfrequented walk at the back of the town to which I had retired to avoid interruption, and where I frequently had found myself most capable of reflexion—when the devil stepped in to play me one of his gambols.

A most beautiful little woman passed me (if woman on so small a scale can ever be a perfect beauty), or more properly speaking, she was the *model* of what perfect woman ought to be.—

Her figure was as exquisite as if it had  
been



been chiseled out by a Grecian sculptor—her countenance was lovely beyond description, and her eyes flashed fire that would have thawed the frozen breast of an old hermit; and yet with all these charms in miniature, she had all that imperious beauty which Myrtillus met in the eyes of Amaryllis,

“Una bellezza imperiosa, e dirmi,

“Dammi il tuo cor, Myrtillo”—

*She asked not love, but she commanded it; and though she received my compliments with coldness, and forbid me on pain of her displeasure to take any measures ever to see her more, I was so completely wedded to the spot, that though I durst not venture to follow her, I was unable to remove myself.*

There is no accounting for the conduct

of man in these extremities; and for the soul of me I could not stir one inch towards Italy—I sought her in every public place—in public she never came, and I had no other means of knowing who she was and where she lived, than by taking one of those *respectable characters* into my service, called a *maquereau*, or *pimp*—one of those philosophers that I am inclined to believe will one day find out the longitude.—

He soon brought me all the intelligence I wanted—the place of her abode—and that she was either the wife (or mistress) of an eminent banker—on comparing the disproportion of their ages, it was most probable that the latter was the case; and as there was an air of melancholy about her which convinced me she was not happy, I was the more anxious to become

Knight

Knight Errant, and rescue her at least from any difficulties she might be under.—

The danger lay in communicating my intention to her, which I at length contrived with some success.—

There was a German conjuror in the town, much about my size and cut of countenance—I borrowed of him the dress in which he usually exhibited, and a monkey of infinite pleasantry, which was his *compagnon de chicanerie*.—

Being myself acquainted with a few tricks upon the cards, and in possession of a natural power of moving the muscles of my head and face in a ludicrous manner, I rapped boldly at the banker's door in character of showman.

Having acquitted myself with tolerable success, I finished the flight of hand by

N 6

conveying



conveying a card into my young lady's pocket, with a letter underneath.

As I had no opportunity of speaking to her without discovery, my only hopes consisted in this *underband* method of making myself known—but having waited several days without reply, I sent off my baggage, and in despair set off for this place, on my way to Nice.—

The centinels have orders to admit no ENGLISHMAN into the arsenal on penalty of severe imprisonment.—

It happens, thou well knowest, that, though born and educated in England, I am on one side of Dutch, on the other of Portuguese extraction; and the characters of the two countries are so happily blended in me, that the great physiognomist of Switzerland would be puzzled to discover the least feature of the country to which I belong.—

Owing



Owing to this *singularity of person and whimsical combination of character*, I pass and repass the guards unquestioned and unmolested—*still the banker's mistress hangs heavily upon my mind*—I have however by dint of perseverance acquired as complete a knowledge of the arsenal, as the Clerk of the dock-yard, or the Inspector of the works.

I could give the Duke of R—ch—d a few hints that would *immortalize his fame* for batteries—if that be not done already.

I have measured the new Ville de Paris from stem to stern—know how long a seventy-four takes in pumping dry to a second—the length of the rope yard to a span—the quantity of naval-stores to a jack flag—and the armoury to a pop-gun.

And I am,

Yours, truly &c.

L E T-

## LETTER XXXII.

Marseilles, Jan. 1792.

TO THE SAME.

IN consequence of the desperate manner in which I rode from Marseilles to Toulon, my poney found it convenient to take his refreshment in an horizontal position during my stay—for from the commencement of the levelling system the roads are become, for want of the supply necessary to keep them in repair, nearly as impassable in a carriage as the Alps in a ship—in addition to which we arrived too late for the gates, and had the pleasure of cooling our heels under the walls till day-break.—

I had

I had paid a visit to the beautiful island of Hieres (where, by the bye, the severity of the frost hath cut the orangeries to pieces), and was on the third morning preparing for the remainder of my journey to Nice, looking back wistfully to the road that brought me from Marseilles, when a courier galloped into the yard of the hotel and enquired hastily whether an English gentleman was in the house. It was an express from the banker's mistress with the following billet:

“Retournez, je vous en prie, Monf. Anglois, retournez—une femme la plus miserable qu'existe, en vous repose sa confiance & sa vie—retournez dans ce moment ci, que je puisse abandonner mon amant perfide, mon barbare debaucheur—je vous attend avec une tendresse la plus vive, une sollicitude la plus penible  
—comptez

—comptez sur le domestique qui vous apporte ce billet

de la malheureuse MARIANNE.

Human nature was too frail to bear a shock like this—so I instantly returned with my guide, who had orders to pursue me to Nice.—

At midnight he conducted me to the window of a first floor that looked into a garden—it was the back part of the banker's house; who was overhaling his clerks accounts in the front.—

The clock struck twelve, and at that instant she came to her appointment—the window was at such an height, that it was desperate even for a lover's leap; but this consideration damped not her courage, and she was preparing to drop, when I luckily blundered upon two sun blinds that had been painted and set in the garden

to



to dry—I spliced them together with my handkerchief and made me an excellent ladder; then mounting to the top, I took her in my arms, and delivered her safely to the courier who stood beneath.—

The servant had previously hired a quiet apartment out of the reach of old Cent. per Cent. to which it was the more necessary to convey her without delay, as the fear of being discovered, in addition to her previous apprehensions that I should disobey her summons, had thrown her into such a tremor as to require our whole support by the way.—

As soon as we had conveyed the lovely little Marianne to her place of security, I found it necessary to leave her in the hands of the woman of the house; and in the mean time to return to see what was going forward at the banker's.—

I stood

I stood across the way, smiling at the confusion into which the whole family was thrown.—

Her flight was discovered a few minutes previous to my arrival—the servants were dispatched to different quarters of the town—the old fellow was storming in the entresol—the neighbourhood was alarmed—but though the scene was infinitely diverting, my time was far too precious to spend much of it apart from Marianne.—

On my return I found her perfectly recovered, overpowering me with tears of gratitude, and assurance of attachment; and this adventure turned out so much more to my satisfaction than my most sanguine expectations had suggested to me, that I shall reflect on it with pleasure as long as I live.—

Mari-

Marianne was a native of Montauban—her father a considerable proprietor of vineyards—this conscientious banker, his intimate friend.—

She was in her fifteenth year when the old treacherous satyr paid the annual visit to his friend with the pious intention of debauching his daughter.—

There was an excellent convent for female education in the neighbourhood of Marseilles—the banker represented the advantages of it in such lively colours, that the good old man consented to a temporary separation; which was the more painful to him as she was all that remained of seven children, and the very express image of a mother of whose comforts he had been many years deprived; and of whose presence he had still the most lively recol-



recollection—the only companion of his solitary hours.—

The banker proposed that she should return in his carriage—the fond father accepted his offer, and a tender separation took place.

Marianne was exceedingly affected throughout the whole journey; and her companion used his utmost endeavours to dry up her tears, with a view of opening her eyes to keener sorrows and remorse—so, thinking himself a more able confessor than old Father Paul, he fulfilled the *sacred trust* which his friend had reposed in him—by converting his own house into a nunnery.—

Marianne's mind is little tainted by the course of vice, in which she hath lived more from necessity than choice; and, though her keeper gratified her in every  
luxury



luxury and expence, she felt severely the misery of her condition, and had frequently meditated an escape—but the dread of meeting the eyes of an angry parent had deterred her from putting it into execution. —

During the few days that I had the happiness of her society, she would frequently mention her father with tears of contrition—which I failed not to turn to account, by pointing out to her the impossibility of supporting her long, from the nature of my finances—and one day finding her more thoughtful than usual, I obtained her permission to write to her father, praying him to receive his lost child with the same tenderness she had once experienced; and to obliterate the remembrance of her failings in the sincerity of her repentance.—

The

The good old man outstripped the post on its return; and unexpectedly presented himself before us——Marianne sprung from her chair, and sunk upon the floor before him—the venerable parent dropped upon his knees, and thanked his God that he had found his child——then raised and clasped her to his bosom with a fervor and forgiveness that did honor to his heart.

——Their mutual emotions were infinitely too exquisite to bear the sight of——and so I rushed into the street, and left them to enjoy those delicious throbs of mutual sensibility with which their hearts were bursting.——

On my return I found them calm, and inexpressibly happy; and during the remainder of the day, this excellent old man studiously avoided any topic that might touch

touch the tender feelings of his lovely daughter.

His gratitude to me became oppressive—I took my leave of Marianne with a strange mixture of satisfaction and regret——her father requested me to spend a month in Montauban at the next gathering of the grape——then recollecting the delicacy of his daughter's situation, he took me by the hand with extreme emotion—and said—Englishman—God bless you——may Heaven be your recompence.

Adieu. Your's, &c.

END OF THE FIRST VOL.



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